No. 00766
May 17, 1982

SCARFACE

Third Draft Screenplay

by

OLIVER STONE

Please note that for purposes of narrative and clarity I have rendered what would normally be Spanish slang conversation into an English syntax and rhythm.

I wish to express my thanks to those people for their generous assistance in writing this screenplay -- Atlee Wampler III, United States Attorney for the Southern District of Florida; Martin Raskin, Assistant United States Attorney, Chief of the Criminal Division, and Joel Rosenthal, U.S. Attorney; Captain Nick Navarro, Commander, Organized Crime Division, Broward County, Florida and Rafael Hernandez, Jr., OCD Broward County; Sgt. Juan Cayado and Sgt. Bob Fernandez, Metro Dade County Narcotics Division; Arthur Neahbass, Organized Crime Bureau, Metro Dade Country; Peter Scrocca, Drug Enforcement Agency, Dade County Florida; Welton Merry, Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation; Sgt. Mike Gonzalez, Homicide Unit, City of Miami Police Department; Jay Hogan and Neil Sonnet, Defense Attorneys; and Vic Jarmel, Ralph Rennick, and Mel Dick of Miami.

"Enjoy yourself -- every day above ground is a good day."

ANONYMOUS, MIAMI 1981

A written PROLOGUE crawls up the SCREEN -- with NARRATOR.

NARRATOR
In May 1980, Fidel Castro -- in an effort to normalize relations with the Carter Administration -- opened the harbor at Mariel, Cuba with the apparent intention of letting some of his people join their relatives in the United States. Within 72 hours, 3,000 U.S. boats were headed for Cuba. In the next few weeks, it became evident that Castro was forcing the boat owners to carry back with them not only their relatives but the dregs of his jail population. By the time the port was closed 125,000 "Marielitos" had landed in Florida. An estimated 25,000 had criminal records. This is the story of that minority -- those they call "Los Bandidos".

The PROLOGUE is shredded diagonally by the blade of a stilleto and in the empty black void we:

FADE IN TO:

MARIEL HARBOR - CUBA - DAY

CREDITS run as we discover a grimy, industrial PORT seething with smoke and noise.

Rusted SHRIMPERS bob in the current alongside sleek SAILBOATS and uncovered WOODEN TUBS, all of them flying the United States flag, the CIVILIANS on board waving to their RELATIVES on the docks.

Vessels, with American insignia, motor into the mouth of the port, past a large TANKER with the Soviet hammer and sickle painted on its hull. Soviet SAILORS stare down curiously, shooting photos.

A broken-down TUG rams a customized YACHT. The wealthy CUBAN-AMERICANS aboard curse their poorer COUSINS on the tug.

GROCER BOATS weave through the traffic selling rum, fresh water and supplies.

JOURNALISTS in MOTOR BOATS roll their cameras, recording this anarchic version of a Newport Regatta.

On the DOCKS, confusion reigns. A mass of worried EXILES with luggage shift restlessly as LOUDSPEAKERS crackle with orders.

Pro-Castro DEMONSTRATORS surge towards the EXILES yelling and waving banners. "QUE SE VAYAN!" (Let Them Go!) and "ABAJO LA GUSANERA!" (Down With the Worms!)...SOLDIERS are pushing them back...A CHILD bawls for its mother...SALESMEN move to and fro...

A heavyweight COAL TRUCK grinds slowly through the CROWD, honking a bass note fiercely and repeatedly. Thick chains, entwined with the rear wheels, revolve menacingly on the cobblestones, emitting a rhythmic clanking NOISE that holds our attention for an extended moment...

SOLDIERS and POLICE now wield their truncheons on the crowd of DEMONSTRATORS booing and yelling at the truck.

The TRUCK, black and medieval in appearance, possibly dating back to the 1930s, rumbles to a halt at the very edge of the dock. With a thunderous and grinding ROAR, like the drawbridge of a castle, the tailgate is lowered.

The CROWD -- demonstrators, relatives, basket salesmen, sailors, soldiers -- eagerly presses forward to see. A collective hush falls over them as:

The iron tailgate fully opens and there, stacked together staring back at us from grimy faces and darkened eyesockets, are some 200 CREATURES from hell itself, the criminal dregs of society, the leprous outcasts, the insane, the sexually perverse, the killer savages, the very worst that mankind can offer.

BULLHORN (Spanish)
All right, you scum -- O-U-T!!!

The TWO HUNDRED groan and move as one chained humpbacked beast in response to the command.

The CROWD shrinks back as the TWO HUNDRED descend into their ranks. CRIES go up -- of scorn and ridicule, of horror and the deepest contempt, and of pity too. Yet none dare approach.

The TWO HUNDRED separate into four lines.

On one line, a surly SERGEANT of Police is unlocking the manacles of each man, ADLIBBING sarcasms as they feed into him.

SERGEANT (Spanish)
...go on, go suck the teat of the bitchwhore of the USA, you ugly condombag of shit, see what they do with you there, you'll starve in the streets, you pigs, the millionaires'll spit on you, go on, get outta my sight...

Etcetera con brio until one dark-haired INDIVIDUAL passes into frame, the rear of his head to us, waiting quietly as the SERGEANT inserts his key in the manacle, glances up.

SERGEANT (Spanish)
...you too 'Caracortada' [Scarface] get outta here and take that crippled excuse of a shit face back to Hell with you, go on, scum!

The CONVICT doesn't move; he just stands there staring at the SERGEANT as the CAMERA fast tracks around to reveal TONY MONTANA, the scarfaced one, in the young angry prime of his life. His head kicks back and he lays a full wad of spit in the SERGEANT'S face.

MONTANA (Spanish)
You're the scum -- you're the shit that feeds off the land! Fuck you and fuck Castro!

The apoplectic SERGEANT smashes TONY across the face once, twice...

TONY takes the punch, looks back at him with casual contempt and spitting out the broken tooth, finishes.

MONTANA
...and fuck your Communism up the ass!

He then flicks his hands free of the chains and walks away, leaving the SERGEANT astounded.

The NEXT OFFICIAL, too busy to have noticed, points and yells.

DOCK OFFICIAL (Spanish)
Go on, get going! You! 11!

CAMERA tracking TONY through the CROWD along the dock. Overshadowing the broken cardboard shoes, the grimy shirt crossed with holes and the unkempt hair and prison complexion, the walk is proud and jungle in the rock of the hips and the shoulders, the eyes pure in their fury. He casts the impression of a young man about to explode -- muscle, tissue, brain - man willing to live or die, and on the increment of a moment, inflict or receive either one.

He is joined now by his handsome compadre, MANOLO RAY, dapper as can be in prison clothing, the dashing darkly feminine eyes peering about fearfully.

MANOLO (Spanish)
Oye, Tony! You outta your mind -- what the fuck got into you? He coulda -

TONY
Hey I said what I hadda say so fuck it forget it I'll kill that motherfucker the next time! What boat you got?

MANOLO
Eleven. You?

TONY
Same.
(stops, looks)
Fuck! Look at that fuckin' thing.

MANOLO
Holy shit!

The BOAT they stare at is a battered 70-foot FISHING TUB with the name "Jolly Roger" scratched across her bow, and filled with babbling PASSENGERS kissing and hugging their long-lost RELATIVES and packing their belongings in every conceivable nook, cranny, rafter and mast on this sagging tit of a vessel.
..."The Jolly Roger".
God save it.
With Music.

DISSOLVING TO:

THE HIGH SEAS - DAY

The waves are rising in the FLORIDA STRAITS, towering up to fifteen feet. WINDS rip into the BOAT. The skies glower with wine-dark light and fear broods and grumbles electrically on the horizon.

The "JOLLY ROGER" is astray, the CAPTAIN nervous on the short-wave.

TONY, on the open deck. Looks down at a SNAPSHOT he holds in his hands -- of a YOUNG GIRL, about 13 years old, in what looks like the yard of a Miami home, the fringes of the photo heavily tattered with handling. He puts it away and paces the deck like a cage lion, looking around him.

A BOY of 5 clutches his young MOTHER.

A toothless RETARD, half-naked, his shirt draped around his head, walks the deck giggling and drooling, pointing to the storm like the fool before the plague. Naturally this infuriates the ADULTS and they shove him away, like a soccer ball, from group to group.

Each time the boat rises in a new swell, the REFUGEES chatter like a tribe of monkeys in a panic that subsides rhythmically with the fall of the boat and rises once more with the ascent.

We might note for the purposes of stocking the boat that the refugee population was a composite of 88% white, 12% black, 24% under 21, 5% over 65.

MANOLO balefully studies the grey hard sea, TONY coming up to him with a grin on his face.

TONY (Spanish)
Whatsa matter, chico, you look greyer'n my pecker.

MANOLO (Spanish, deadly serious)
Oye, Tony, I'd give my pecker away to be back sitting in a cell eating cockroaches right now. This time I think we've had it, Tony, the sea's angry with us.

TONY (shrugs)
So? That's good. That means big things are waiting for us in America. Big things. You know in America you go up to somebody in the street and you say gimme money and y'know they give you the silver right outta their pants -- can you believe that?

MANOLO (shakes his head balefully)
No, Tony. Yemaya is angry with us. We didn't make an offering when we left Cuba. She's gone to Obatala and he's shaking up the sky. And Chango has no power here.

As he talks, MANOLO fingers a negrito charm that he wears around his neck (Chango, god of fire and thunder, his black face tilted at a carnal angle, sharp teeth glinting, his eyes rolling in orgasmic imagery, his head crowned with gold). He also carries a pendant with 2 eyes to ward off the evil and red and white beads, all relating to his Afro-Catholic Spiritualism.

MANOLO
Help me, Tony, help me get it together willya? We can get some cosmetics from these broads here. You got a comb? A pin? Something?

TONY (shakes him back, harder)
Knock it off! I don't go for that mystical shit! It's your fear talking, chico. You make your own luck. There's no such thing as gods. Now...

Above them the MAST begins to crack, timbers rending.

The CAPTAIN looks up in horror, crosses himself.

REFUGEES scream and stampede.

MANOLO, freaked out now, grabs TONY.

MANOLO
Oye, take back what you said! Yemaya heard you! She's gonna destroy the ship!
(eyes heavenward)
O Yemaya, o my Mother, queen of the salt sea, I Manolo Rey humbly kiss your feet and my friend Tony Montana, he -

TONY
Tell her to go fuck herself!

Standing there, his hair tossed wildly in the wind, he looks like the pirate king gazing left and right for his course of action, slightly worried now.

TONY
C'mon! We're getting off this sub!
(pulls MANOLO)

MANOLO (terrified)
I can't swim!

TONY
You think I can!

Against a stampede of PEOPLE, TONY steers his reluctant BUDDY towards TWO ROWBOATS which are being cut free by the panicked REFUGEES.

The TUB lurches, throwing SEVERAL more REFUGEES into the sea. It now looks like the entire boat is going to break apart.

A scuffle is going on for places in the ROWBOATS. A STRONG MAN slugs a WEAKER MAN in his sixties, throws him aside. TONY grabs the STRONG MAN, gives him a couple of fast slugs to the face and throws him out of the rowboat. With MANOLO he jumps in just as a panicked REFUGEE unleashes the rope.

The half-empty ROWBOAT with TONY and MANOLO smashes into the waters.

TONY grabs for the rudder.

The RETARD now pops up alongside the rowboat, waving for help and making froglike swimming motions.

TONY reaches out and grabs for him, gets a hold of his shirt, pulls him toward the boat. The REFUGEES, including some WOMEN, get a hold of him and pull him aboard as Tony goes back to the rudder, MANOLO at the oars.

The MAIN TUB apparently is going to stay afloat and now bobs in the waves, being pulled further and further away from the rowboat.

The RETARD, soaking wet, mutters sweet childlike things as he hugs TONY for saving his life. Tony pushes him away and then sees...

The BOY of five thrashing in the water between them and the TUB.

TONY (points)
Manolo!

MANOLO sees him, redoubles his effort with the oar.

The BOY has not much strength left and is bobbed like a doll on the surface, uncomprehending. He is doomed.

TONY has grabbed the other oar and is pulling ferociously, but time is running out. MANOLO alongside on the other oar, looks at him, shakes his head.

The BOY fading from view.

TONY jumps up in the boat.

TONY (Spanish, to himself)
You dumb sonufabitch you gotta do this don't you!

And dives into the water after the child.

MANOLO, astounded, tries to grab him.

MANOLO
Tony, no!

TONY is dogpaddling clumsily towards the child.

MANOLO pulling on both oars now, shouting directions to the OTHER REFUGEES.

The FISHING BOAT has now drifted off and occasionally can be seen bobbing in the swell of waves.

TONY reaches the BOY, grabs him. He's alive, his eyes flickering, ensconced in the arms of Tony who now forgets how to swim and goes under, comes back up for air and lashes out with a crawl that requires the energy of about six men. He's going nowhere but he's managing to keep the BOY afloat.

MANOLO is trying to maneuver the ROWBOAT closer but the waves are pulling them apart.

The RETARD now jumps up like Harpo Marx waving an inflating black rubber tube and pointing at TONY with urgency. MANOLO grabs the tube and yells out to Tony, indistinct against the wind.

TONY sees him.

MANOLO casts the fully inflated tube out to his compadre.

TONY gropes for it, pulling the BOY with him, reaches it and starts pulling himself up into it.

As the RETARD, on the ROWBOAT alongside MANOLO, does a jig of glee and we

DISSOLVE TO:

OCEAN - DAY

Flat, empty. 110 degrees. Pause.

Radio STATIC coming up...

AERIAL SHOT - OFF KEY WEST - DAY

The FLAG of the United States of America. Enhanced radio static...the CHOPPER now swoops over the ragged COASTLINE of the KEYS and its emerald waters, dotted with FISHING TRAWLERS and PLEASURE CRAFT. We circle and surge downwards.

A TINY SPECK of black rubber is coming closer and closer...

...and we see TONY and the BOY in the middle of the ocean floating on their rubber tube.

We dip down over them and as the MUSIC surges with its "America the Beautiful"-type immigration theme, TONY waves up at the chopper with the relaxed cheerfulness of a man in a bathtub with a cigar.

The CHOPPER, whapping down, lowers its hooks.

CUT TO:.

PROCESSING HALL, KEY WEST NAVAL STATION - DAY

REFUGEES wait in long lines to be processed by U.S. OFFICIALS (IMMIGRATION & NATIONALIZATION, CUSTOMS, FBI, PUBLIC HEALTH, CHURCH & RELIEF ORGANIZATIONS, CIA).

BABIES bawl, MOTHERS soothe, arguments break out, a SALSA plays somewhere on a radio station out of Miami.

An OLD MAN shows a "Safe Conduct" pass to a seated OFFICIAL who shakes his head impatiently at him.

REFUGEES sprawl or camp on the floors in fatigue.

OTHERS wolf down cokes and kentucky fried chicken supplied by a Church Organization in a makeshift cafeteria to the side of the hall.

A YOUNG MAN shows an OFFICIAL a piece of paper with his picture in Spanish:

REFUGEE 1
My mother, my father -- here. In Miami. They come, yes?

A TV CREW films an interview of a vehement WOMAN and BABY with her HUSBAND standing mute alongside.

WOMAN REFUGEE
There is no vegetables, there is no meat, I get two kilos of rice a month. There's no milk for my three year old. The Russian shoes cost 90 dollars. My husband, he drives a bus, he makes 100 dollars a month, how can we live...how can we live?

A YOUNG BLACK REFUGEE tears through a sheaf of paperwork to hold up a document in front of a bewildered OFFICIAL.

BLACK REFUGEE
Mira! No am prisoner, I am electrician. Look this, yes? Emanuel Rojas. No prisoner.

OFFICIAL
Yes, Mister Rojas but these kind of documents could be forgeries, they don't mean anything, they...

The CAMERA has moved off the BLACK REFUGEE in profile to reveal TONY MONTANA in the middleground in another line TALKING to an OFFICIAL who signals ANOTHER OFFICIAL who comes over; they ask a puzzled TONY to step out of line. He follows them in soundless LONG SHOT.

The TV CREW is filming an obvious TRANSVESTITE in subdued male clothing for her press conference.

TRANSVESTITE
...They ask you your identification everywhere you go. There is no freedom, there is nothing, everybody is the same, is boring. We have to steal to live, yes, we have to steal and lie...

CUT TO:

PARTITION - HALL

Across a plywood partition, TONY, seated, is being interrogated by THREE HIGHER RANK OFFICIALS; the DIN from the hall carries, stirring the air with confusion.

MAN 1 (across a desk)
Okay so what'd you say your name was?

MAN 2
Como se llama?

TONY (to MAN 1)
Me, I'm Tony Montana. And you?

MAN 1
That's not important. Where'd you learn English Tony?

TONY
I watch the movies. Y'know? Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney. I like them. I always know I come to America one day.

MAN 2
What'd you do in Cuba Tony?

TONY
This. That. I was in the construction business.

MAN 1 (notes it on paper)
Uh hunh. Got any family in the States Tony? Cousins, brother in law?

TONY (a beat)
No Nobody.

MAN 1
Y'ever been in jail Tony?

TONY
No. Never.

The MEN share a glance with a THIRD MAN standing in the corner, staring at TONY; the most authoritative-looking of the three, he makes Tony nervous.

We might note at this point one of Tony's consistent mannerisms is rapid eye movement (over shoulders, sides, doors), and he does a lot of touching - objects - but lightly with the tips of his fingers.

MAN 1 (checking off a list)
You been in a mental hospital Tony?...
a crazy house?

TONY (laughs)
Crazy? Me? You joking?

MAN 1
How 'bout homosexuality Tony. You like
men, y'like to dress up like a woman...?

TONY (reverts to Spanish, to MAN 2)
What the fuck's wrong with him man, he
sick or what?

MAN 2 (Spanish)
Just answer the questions okay?

TONY (to MAN 1)
Fuck no. Okay.

MAN 1
Arrested? Vagrancy? Marijuana? Anything?

TONY
No...No. Never. Nothing.

MAN 1
Regular little Red Riding Hood hunh?
These Marielitos are good.

MAN 3 steps forward out of the shadows, squat like a football coach.

MAN 3
So where'd you get the beauty scar asshole,
eating pussy?
(they laugh)

TONY
What? This?...
(touches his scar, shrugs)
I was in this fight. When I was a kid.
You should see the other guy.
(laughs)

MAN 3
And this?

He holds up TONY'S hand and indicates the tattoo between his thumb and second finger -- a heart with the word "Madre" written through it.

TONY
Oh that's for my sweetheart.

MAN 3
Sweetheart hunh? My ass...

MAN 1 and MAN 2 have come forward to study it.

MAN 3 (to them)
It's some kinda code these guys use in the can. I never seen this one before.
(to TONY)
You want to tell us asshole or you want to tell'em up at Fort Chaffee?

TONY
So I was in for buying dollars, big deal...

MAN 2 laughs.

MAN 2
That's funny, that's good.

TONY
...is true, I get them from Canadian tourist.

MAN 3
What'd you do, mug him first? Get him outta here!

TONY
Hey, so I fuck Castro, so what's it to you hunh? What would you do, they tell you all the time what to think, what to feel, you wanna be like a sheep, like everybody else? Baa Baa? Puta! You gonna work eight hours a day and you never own nothing? I ate fucking octopus three times a day, octopus was coming out my ears! Whaddaya think I am? I'm no little puta of a thief! I'm Tony Montana and I am a political prisoner here from Cuba and I want my fucking "Human Rights" just like President Jimmy Carter says, okay?

Pause. The look on MAN 3's face is disbelieving. The other TWO chuckle.

MAN 2
Carter should see this human right. He's good, very good.

They chuckle except for MAN 3 who shakes his head, walking out.

MAN 3
I don't believe a word of this shit. They all sound the same to me. That sonufabitch. Castro's shitting all over us and you guys laugh. What the hell we coming to anyway in this country?

MAN 1
Easy, Bert, your blood pressure's rising. What about him? Fort Chaffee observation?

MAN 3
Sure. Let 'em observe the scumbag. See what rock he crawled out from under before we let him loose into the mainstream with the rest of the other animals.

TONY (to MAN 3 retreating out the door) Hey it's okay Burt. You send me where you like. Is okay. Nothing you can do to me Castro has no done.
(winks at him)

MAN 3 at the door, looks back, unamused...That taunting smile on TONY'S lips is directed at him...As to the MUSIC of the immigration theme we

DISSOLVE TO:

<u>OUTDOOR AUDITORIUM - FORT CHAFFEE, ARKANSAS - NIGHT (MONTHS LATER)</u>

A movie projector...

...The face of BOGART -- mosquito-bitten, unshaven, paranoid. We're watching a badly damaged 16 mm print of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." It's near the end of the film and he's alone, talking to himself just before the bandits get him...

The rag-tag AUDIENCE is noisily yammering back at the screen, the CAMERA moving past MANNY (formerly MANOLO), chewing gum, hair slicked, eyes in catlike repose...to TONY, enrapt, eyes like an eleven year old, mouth hanging open.

BOGART
Conscience. Conscience. What a thing. If you believe you've got a conscience, it'll pester you to death. But if you don't believe you've got one, what can it do to you? Makes me sick so much talking and fussing about nonsense. Time to go to sleep.
(he closes his eyes but not for long)

CUT TO:

GROUNDS - LATER THAT NIGHT

TONY and MANNY are moving down 23rd Street, grinning and shaking their heads in the grip of the film.

TONY
That Bogart, chico, hunh?

MANNY
Fucking crazy hunh?

TONY
And that gold dust blowing in the wind. Y'see Manny, he's always looking over his shoulder. Hunh? Like me.

He hunches, darting exaggerated looks over his shoulder, imitating Bogart. Manny laughs. In his black shirt with zigzag dots and colors and the sunglasses and the baggy pants, Tony's starting to look American Synthetic. He's even got a pop button pinned to his shirt. It says "Fuck Off and Die." And his English has improved considerably as well, rolling faster and easier off the tongue.

TONY
...don't trust nobody

MANNY
Yeah, the paranoia, hunh -- got to him I guess

TONY
Never happen to me baby. That's one thing I'll never be. I'll never be crazy.

MANNY
Oh yeah, how do you know...?

TONY
I know...

It hangs there in the thick night air as they walk past CAMERA. A young punk, CHI-CHI, intersects.

CHI-CHI (to Manny, Spanish)
Hey Manny

MANNY (slang Spanish)
Oye Chi-Chi, what's going down

CHI-CHI
Usual shit. Want some peanuts? Pogo's carrying tonight?

MANNY
I don't know I get all fucked up on it...

CHI-CHI
You want some new snatch? A pussycat name of Yolanda just rolled onto the Boulevard -

MANNY
Oh yeah what she look like?

CHI-CHI
She look like you 'cept she got a snatch

MANNY
A real nice snatch?

CHI-CHI
You're not kidding.

As they chatter, TONY who visually makes it obvious he has no special liking for Chi-Chi moves on with a movement of the head for MANNY.

He's in the middle of the "Boulevard" where a bustling black market in toiletries, clothing, cigarettes and TRANSVESTITES is conducted nightly in the harsh glare of barrack neon.

He ambles past a bunch of YOUNG GUYS throwing a frisbee, past a "Viva Carter!" proclamation in graffiti...up to a BANK of PUBLIC PHONES where a line of REFUGEES are still trying to contact somebody, anybody, on the outside. He recognizes somebody and goes over.

ANGEL FERNANDEZ has got the face of one, as he argues on the phone, then slams it down, exasperated. He sees TONY'S sarcastic grin.

ANGEL (in Broken English)
What's so fucking funny, you know how many goddamn Fernandezes are living in fucking Miami, New York and Union City! And I got to call every last fucking one of them to find out if they fucking heard of me?

TONY points to ANGEL'S shredded phone book.

TONY
Hey Angel, maybe y'know after twelve years you got the wrong number or something, people like to move around...
(laughs)

ANGEL
Fuck you and your mother!

TRANSVESTITE
(passing)
What about you sugar?

TONY
Yeah, with whose cock honey? Yours or mine?

TRANSVESTITE (reverting to Spanish)
You probably love to take it, you closet fag.

TONY (calling after her in Spanish)
The size of yours, I'd be lucky to feel it.

MANNY intersects.

TONY
Whatcha hanging around with that creep for?

MANNY
Hey he's okay, he hears things

TONY
What's he hear that I don't hear

MANNY
He hears we got problems. Immigration is having these "exclusionary hearings" y'know? And they're saying 9 out of 10 of us is bad news. So they're gonna ship us back.

TONY
Oh yeah?

MANNY
Yeah. And a lotta shit just went down at Indiantown Gap y'know? In Pennyslvania. Riots, fires...things are gonna pop here

TONY
Shit, I coulda told you that

MANNY
Yeah, so what do you think the Federales are gonna do if we riot? You think they're gonna let us out. Shit they're gonna throw the key away that's what.

TONY
Hey Manny, this is America, they got lawyers here. Castro don't want us back, hey nobody nowhere wants us, so what are they gonna do with us, put us in a gaschamber? They're stuck with us, okay.

MANNY
Yeah, well what if we gotta sit here another six months.

TONY
Hey -- you worry too much. Just remember: when you got'em by the balls their hearts and minds follow.
(winks, to ANGEL)
Oye Angelito...

TONY and ANGEL walk off. A RADIO is playing hard rock, something like Blondie or Benatar from the stoop of a nearby BARRACK. Tony loves the sound and swings into it, snapping his fingers and rolling his hips like Presley. He backpeddles, smiling at MANNY.

TONY (in awful imitation)
Oh yeah America! Love you love you baby, oh yeah!

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR BOXING RING - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

CAMERA on the legs and hips shuffling and feinting, then digging in and swinging, the connection powerful, the gasp of air stentorian as we pull back to reveal TONY, in headgear, putting away some YOUNG PUNK. He's covered with sweat, looking down at his fallen opponent as the COACH checks out the K.O.

COACH (Spanish)
Okay Tony, knock off

TONY
Nah, c'mon, gimme another bum. I'm hungry.

MANNY
Oye! Tony! C'mon!

MANNY, just arrived at ringside, is waving him over, excited...TONY joins him, warming down.

TONY
Yeah?

MANNY (looking around)
Walk with me

TONY and MANNY walk past OTHER BOXERS in training.

MANNY
Tony, cono, you ready for the good news?...

TONY
Yeah.

MANNY
We're outta here in thirty days. Not only that. We get a green card and a job in Miami! Hunh? We're made, man, we're made!

TONY
Yeah, whadda we gotta do, go to Cuba and hit the Beard or what?

MANNY
No. Somebody else

TONY (surprised)
You're kidding...You ain't kidding.

MANNY
Guy named Rebenga. Emilio Rebenga.

TONY (vague)
Yeah. Heard of him.

MANNY
Yeah well he's coming in today. Castro just sprung him...

CUT TO:

GATE. FORT CHAFFEE - DAY

Jimmy Buffet's "Margaritaville" is playing from a radio as EMILIO REBENGA steps off the BUS with the other ARRIVALS. The I.N.S. GUARDS, with clubs and mace, supervise. Rebenga is a thin, acned, cold-looking intellectual type with glasses and suspicious eyes.

MANNY (OVER)
...He was top dog in the secret police back in the early days. Castro I guess changed his mind and put him away. Anyway, when he was on top it seems he tortured a few guys to death, y'know? Including the brother of some rich guy in Miami. The guy wants the favor repaid.

TONY and MANNY casually watch Rebenga from the adjacent PORCH of the Catholic Aid Society where, in background, NUNS are ministering aid to a line of REFUGEES.

TONY
Ugly sonufabitch ain't he?...Hey tell your friend in Miami it'd be a pleasure. I'd kill a Communist for fun but if it's for a Green Card, I'll carve him up real good.

MANNY
You always gotta talk so big? Can't you just do something quiet?

TONY
Whaddaya mean?

MANNY (shakes his head)
Oh yeah -- there's a hundred greenbacks in it. For both of us.

TONY'S eyebrows lift in enthusiastic surprise.

TONY
Hey you're kidding, that's great!

As REBENGA, in long-lensed closeup, nervously smokes a cigarette, eyes roving as the GUARD examines his papers.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - THE RIOT. FORT CHAFFEE - DAY

The visuals are swift, dispassionate and documentary-like. The REFUGEES storm the barbed wire at the MAIN GATE, carrying bricks and wooden slats.

ALL (in unison)
Libertad! Libertad!

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN and STATE POLICE form ranks outside.

REFUGEES flee through a hole in the fence.

GUARDS move on them, wielding clubs.

SEVERAL REFUGEES are scooting down a HIGHWAY.

POLICE DOGS on chains are glimpsed.

REFUGEES throw stones and debris from the ROOFTOP of a BARRACK.

REBENGA, a cigarette in his mouth, nervously hurries into a BARRACK.

INSIDE. REFUGEES are pulling apart their beds, going for the wooden slats.

OTHERS set fire to their mattresses.

THE POLICE and GUARDS are moving through the GATES, restoring order. LOUDSPEAKERS blast. Injured REFUGEES lie bleeding on the grounds.

An entire BARRACK now goes up in flame.

INSIDE the BARRACK, a bewildered EMILIO REBENGA grabs his papers and valuables.

MANNY approaches him.

REBENGA, spotting him and recognizing a threat, flees down the aisle with his satchel, intersecting other panicked REFUGEES.

MANNY follows.

REBENGA stumbles into a bedframe, shatters his glasses, then runs on. Into the smoke and flame. Out of which SCARFACE now appears -- in his killing wrath.

TONY
Rebenga!

REBENGA snaps to the sound of the voice.

TONY (Spanish)
From the friends you fucked!

The work is fast. The stiletto punches nine quick holes in his lungs and his heart...And the figure of death is gone.

...And EMILIO REBENGA staggers wildly in the smoke, uncomprehending eyes encased in broken glasses sinking out of frame.

The RIOT is over. The GROUNDS are still, smoke and debris the aftermath.

DISSOLVE TO:

PROCESSING ROOM - DAY (A MONTH LATER)

An IMMIGRATION OFFICER passes a sheaf of documents across a desk into a pair of HANDS. The CAMERA gliding along a GREEN CARD pinned to the top of the stack.

It says "ANTHONY MONTANA" and it has picture and stamps. It's official, as the CAMERA moves with triumphant immigration theme MUSIC to the face of MISTER MONTANA examining quite contentedly the rewards of his efforts.

END of MONTAGE. MUSIC CONTINUES.

DISSOLVE TO:

MIAMI - NIGHT (MONTH LATER)

The neon. The flash. The Big American cars. Nothing much has changed in Miami. It's still the 50s. The night's slow

and hot; it needs speed, coke, bennies, booze, broads -- anything to get revved before the sun comes up again like some giant lizard to swallow your brains.

VERSAILLES RESTAURANT - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

On Southwest 8th Street. "Calle Ocho"...

The PARKING LOT is crammed with moby dick size cars and casual CUBANS in sports clothes bunched in CONVERSATIONS around their wheels or at the ICE CREAM STAND.

The INSIDE is a brightly lit glitterdome with fancy mirrors and chandelier effects, Spanish in influence, and every table is taken. It combines the social functions of a family restaurant, cafe, tourist haunt and late-night watering hole for various beasts of prey.

The WAITRESSES move like well-oiled troops along the paths to the KITCHEN, turning the tables at a speedy rate. The CAMERA following past the pots and the pans and the steam and the yelling COOKS -- to the deepest, darkest recess of this dungeon...

...To reveal TONY MONTANA scrubbing grease off the pots and MANNY RAY washing a stack of dishes. They're filthy and exhausted. A dish slips through Manny's fingers and crashes to the floor. A look between them suffices to tell us all.

TONY
Your big shot friend better come up with something soon. I didn't come to America to break my fucking back, querido.

MANNY (equally irritated)
Hey he's coming okay! What do you want?

CUT TO:

HOURS LATER we are looking through a cubbyhole at the DINERS. YOUNG CUBAN GUYS with CHIQUITAS drift in with their fancy clothes, diamonds and -- the mark of status -- large BODY-GUARDS. They're out front with the flash, shaking hands with FRIENDS, kissing, talking loud, familiar with the WAITRESSES.

Staring through the smeared window enrapt are TONY and MANNY, wiping the sweat off their faces with towels.

MANNY
Look at that chick man, wow! Look at them knockers.

TONY
Yeah, look at the punk with her. What's he got that I don't got?

MANNY
Hey he's good looking, look at his clothes, flash chico, pizzaz!...and a little coke money don't hurt either...

TONY
Junkies! -- they got no fuckin' character.
(looks at his hands)
Cono! Look at these...fucking onions! They outta be picking gold off the streets.

His hands are shriveled white from dishwater.

COOK (Spanish)
Hey you two, outside! You got company.

MANNY
That's him -- El Mono's here!

TONY
(contemptuous of the name)
El Mono? Shit...

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT OUTSIDE - NIGHT

OMAR SOSA (EL MONO - "The Monkey") is so named cause he looks like one. Nervous, crooked, darting eyes, feverish intelligence, constantly smoking a cigarette and coughing between words, his face pockmarked and pitted like the moon from old acne scars, he cuts a skinny figure at the wheel of a big beige coupe de ville, idling the motor...with him is WALDO ROJAS eating a large foot and a half banana. In contrast he's amiable, heavy set with a receding hairline, flashing a lot of gold when he smiles.

MANNY
(leaning into the window)
Hey Omar, Waldo, como esta...my friend I told you about. Tony Montana...Omar Sosa, Waldo Rojas...

WALDO mumbles something indistinct, OMAR just stares briefly as TONY hangs back, nodding arrogantly. OMAR'S eyes move back to MANNY.

OMAR
Can you handle a machine gun?

MANNY
Sure. We was in the Army together in Cuba.

OMAR
Be at Hector's bodega Thursday 4 in the afternoon, we'll pick you up. You get five hundred each.

MANNY
Great! What do we gotta do?

OMAR
We gotta do a boat that's what we gotta do.

TONY
We heard the going rate on a boat's thousand a night.

OMAR
Yeah well first you gotta work your way up to 500.

TONY
And what'd I do for you guys in the slammer hunh? Was that dominoes or what?

OMAR (lights another cigarette, to MANNY)
What's it with your friend chico? Don't think we couldn'a gotten some other space cadet to do the hit -- cheaper maybe.

TONY
Hey, then why didn't you?

MANNY
Hey, it's okay Omar, he'll do it.

OMAR (to MANNY)
Yeah, just be happy you're getting the favor this time, chico, and tell your friend not to give us no shit or he'll get his head stuck up his ass faster'n a rabbit gets fucked, okay?

Throws the remains of his cigarette at their feet and pulls the coupe de ville out of the lot. TONY and MANNY watch as the car drives off.

CUT TO:

<u>BOAT MONTAGE - FLORIDA KEYS - NIGHT</u>

CRABS march across the HIGHWAY. Approaching HEADLAMPS. CRABS running for cover, crushed by the wheels of the LEAD SEDAN.

Inside the SEDAN, TONY drives, OMAR next to him muttering into a Gabriel walkie-talkie (radius 40 miles). STATIC popping. SOUNDS of more than one VOICE...

VOICE
Okay 12, keep coming; all clear tango sierra

OMAR
You're on 17, gimme a luis apparichio will ya?

VOICE 2
We love ya but we got mosquitoes here

TWO OTHER CARS, one a jeep, following in convoy formation.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

MANGROVE SWAMP - KEY - LATER NIGHT

TONY pulls the SEDAN into a busy CLEARING...through the moving WINDSHIELD, we catch GLIMPSES of a heavyweight North American MOVING VAN...TWENTY or so MEN carrying machine guns and other heavy weaponry...a dozen cars...RACING BOATS being manned at the water's edge, WALDO ROJAS (seen earlier) supervising. The overall impression is that of a para-military encampment just prior to debarkation.

OMAR gets out of the SEDAN, speaking to WALDO.

TONY gets out, hauling an INGRAM MODEL-10 MACHINE PISTOL with folding butt, 10 inches of killpower capable of firing 1100 rounds a minute -- and comes with a suppressor; you can slip it in a man's purse and carry it that way too; nots it well, it appears again and again in our film, it's in vogue.

MANNY intersects TONY, their eyes telling us they're impressed with the whole operation. We follow TONY over to OMAR who is now on a larger RADIO, a single sideband with directional antenna, in the back of a VOLKSWAGEN VAN.

VOICE (distant, Jamaican English)
...check, heading rendezvous; intersection 12 September and 15 October; we're 21 karats away and dumbo's flying, baby!

OMAR
Check 12 we got a bullfrog croaking around at 13 October.

TONY turns, startled to see a COP in uniform walking towards him. With him are TWO OTHER GUYS in civilian clothing but they also look like fuzz. They walk past Tony up to OMAR.

COP 1
What do you say, Omar?

OMAR
Hey Jack...Paul...Charlie

They shake hands.

COP 1
So?

OMAR
So everything's cool; we got a big Jamaica wind tonight. Figure we need 6-7 hours worth.

COP 2 (whistles)
Hey Frank's getting up there in the big leagues, whatcha doing, 25 tons?

OMAR (vague)
Something like that.

COP 1
Okay Omar, no problem on this end, we got you covered all night, okay...

During the conversation, OMAR has casually passed three brown paper bags to EACH COP; one of them glances inside briefly and stuffs it in an airline bag with the others.

TONY pretends to be looking elsewhere.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

SEVEN RACING BOATS sweep across the Caribbean under a swarthy moon at sixty miles per hour. Magnums, Scorpions, Performers, Novas...

They come to a halt, cutting the engines.

OMAR, in one of the boats with TONY and a DRIVER, pulls an electronic device from his briefcase and drops a long antenna in the water, connected to a control box with a flashing red numbering system...TONY studies the ocean with a nightscope ...OMAR listening through headphones and watching the meter, rotates the antenna. Pause.

OMAR
There.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

THE FREIGHTER is an aging, rusted 190 foot Panamanian V-8 from the forties, but she still looks beautiful in the tropic night, dancing sideways, cutting the wake like a big diamond under a lush moon.

The RACING BOATS wait, buzzing like hornets. Twenty-eight

to 35 footers with twin 450 Chrysler engines, stripped of galleys and bunks, they can haul up to 5000 pounds of weed per boat.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

ABOARD THE FREIGHTER, bales of marijuana are being off-loaded onto the SEVEN RACERS, gathered around the mothership like puppies at a teat (four in one wave, three the next). DOZENS of sweating, muscled MEN work fast, by the lights of torches and flashlamps, moving the bulky burlap from the holds... along the decks...down pulleys into the boats. The talk is minimal.

TONY, working with the mass, looks up.

A glimpse of OMAR with the CAPTAIN of the vessel -- a wild-eyed black face with a beard, heavily muscled; he wears a tee-shirt and a red motorcycle helmet, a bizarre uniform for a ship's captain but with a crew like this who's asking questions? All we see and know are black Jamaican faces, fierce bloodshot eyes, bandannas, torchlight...

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

TONY'S CIGARETTE BOAT, stacked in all its corners with bales of grass, skeeters towards the shadowy outline of the Keys.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

THE RACER sails along a COVE at maximum speed, geysering flames of water. In the distance we hear the pounding rhythms of the OTHERS coming up.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

TONY'S RACER lands in the CLEARING inside the MANGROVE SWAMP, where they're met by the SUPPORT CREW and the FRIENDLY COPS.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

THE BOATS burning by NIGHT like funeral pyres on the edge of the sea. Their function fulfilled, they're sacrificed like ancient heroes on a desolate Trojan plain...As the MOVING VAN and the CARS depart in the background, we conclude the MONTAGE and:

CUT TO:

DOWNTOWN MIAMI - SUNNY DAY

The new Miami is rising ubiquitously above Biscayne Bay, the CAMERA moving past blossoming skyscrapers, WORKMEN, huge cranes, glass, mirrors booming upwards into a beautiful blue

Florida sky, fleeced with perfectly white clouds...past a giant BILLBOARD:

HOW ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR LOAN?
COME TALK TO US...
AT THE BANCO DI MIAMI...
TODAY!

Past BANKS of glass (Caribank, Banco di Venezuela, Amerifirst) ...to TONY and MANNY bopping down the SIDEWALK in new clothes, gassing in the SHOP windows.

TONY
...25 tons, figure 10 million dollars. What do we get? A lousy $500 apiece...

MANNY
Yeah but they got an organization man

TONY
Organization? I got more brains than that chickenshit El Mono whose ass you're licking all the time anyway

MANNY
Hey fuck you Tony, you just started here man, why don't you cool it?

TONY
Fuck em, screw em, let's make our own stash

MANNY
Oh shit, how we gonna do that?

TONY
Hey Manny what do you do for a brain man? Piss in it?

MANNY
Hey fuck you and the rubber tire you came in on, hunh?

He stops to stare in a SHOP WINDOW, or rather the reflection of himself in it. MANNY has fashioned himself into a stud with his peacock-colored clothes, curled black hair, one eye on the ladies, the other on the mirrors where he likes to take another look at himself to make sure he's still there.

TONY isn't interested like Manny. He catches the gaze of a CHILD, 4, toddling along with its MOM and makes a funny face at the kid who looks at him puzzled. Tony produces another face. The kid giggles. The Mother looks over. Tony gives her a wink. She smiles and moves along. Tony likes kids, likes to play with them.

MANNY
Hey Tony, look at that one!

Coming their way is a hot CUBAN GIRL in heels with a FEMALE FRIEND.

TONY (in Spanish as they pass)
Hey baby what do you say?

She looks at him like he was the last thing in the world she'd say anything to.

TONY waves her off, then changes his mind and runs up behind her and throws up her skirt and peeks at her ass. Before she can react, he hops away laughing as the TWO CUBAN GALS AD LIB Spanish expletives at him.

MANNY
Hey that's not cool, man. You wanna score one of these chicks, watch me. Mira!

He wiggles his tongue up and down, fast like a small whirring motorpart, then slips it back into his mouth in the flick of an eye.

TONY
...the fuck was that?

MANNY
You didn't see it? You weren't looking. Hey you gotta watch for it.

Does it again, quickly; it looks like a baby robin's head peeking out of a nest in his teeth, then it's gone.

TONY
What the hell's that for, that's disgusting!

MANNY
You think so hunh? Well you don't know shit 'bout chicks chico. This always works. When they see this, they know. They go crazy. They don't resist me.

Does it again...Tony tries but lacks the speed and agility, provoking Manny's laughter. Manny doublechecks himself in a shop window, adjusting the flower in his lapel.

MANNY (doing it again)
Takes practice, chico, flopping a pussy around with it

TONY
Yeah sure. Hey there's one. Cono! Get a load of that!

Pointing to a tall, cool BLONDE across the AVENUE, exiting a JEWELRY STORE.

TONY, following his eyes, walks right out into the AVENUE, nonchalantly sticking out his arm and stopping TRAFFIC. Cars HONK angrily but he couldn't give a shit.

TONY (calling back to MANNY)
Come on!

MANNY follows as TONY now moves across the opposite LANE, a CAR screeching to a halt in front of him.

TONY (points)
Okay, do your stuff, Romeo, go get her.

The BLONDE has paused to look in a SHOP WINDOW.

MANNY pauses alongside, pretending to look. When he catches her eye, he flicks the tongue.

She looks at him, confused, then back in the window. When she looks back against her will, he does it again. Surprised, she blushes.

TONY, standing to the side, is amazed when MANNY moves up to her and SUGGESTS something in LONG SHOT, his eyebrows raising, the smile cocked. It takes a moment, then the BLONDE slaps him across the face and walks away.

TONY goes over to him.

MANNY
Bitch!

TONY
Pobre hijo de puta, you don't understand this country! To get women you gotta get the Money first, then you get Power and when you got Power, then you get Women -- puta de sangrio!

INSERT a CAR STICKER going by with the image of the American flag and the reminder: "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring the flag?"

They walk into a giant SHOPPING ARCADE. Huge television sets beckon with images, the newest in electronic stereos blast MUSIC at them.

MANNY
So, where do we get the Money?

TONY
So, there's this guy, Nick the Pig...

MANNY
Nick the Pig?

TONY
Yeah, he moves cocaine. He says some keys are coming in. Ninety percent pure shit. He'll let me in on a key for $30,000.

MANNY
$30,000! Where the hell you gonna get $30,000.

TONY
Y'know y'always sound like my mother, nagging all the time. I told him I wasn't Rockefeller (not yet anyway) so I says I tell you what, Nick, I'll give you 20 now, and the other 10 on consignment -- which means I pay him when I sell it.

MANNY
So?

TONY
So he says Okay. Nice guy. Not too bright.

MANNY
Oh yeah, why's he doing this?

TONY
Hey Manny, it don't matter why. If he's fucking with me, I nail his head to a wall -- and he knows I'll do it too...
(pause)
So I figger we put a full hit on the key and we get two keys. 30 each, we got a $60,000 product. We sell it off to our ouncers.

MANNY
What ouncers?

TONY
Our gang, jerkoff, Marielitos. Angel, Chi-Chi, Gaspar, Hernando, we get 'em working for us. Like that we get a little of our own distribution on the streets, see? We don't have to push grams or ounces, we clear 20, 25 on the first buy, we cut a new deal with Nick and we're in for two keys the next time, then four, then sixteen, it gets faster and faster, like fucking...

MANNY
Yeah it's terrific idea Tony but where do we get the first 20 thou?

TONY opens his arms, encompassing the Miami SKYLINE.

TONY
Where? What do you think where? Lock around, what do you see?

MANNY
Buildings

TONY (shouts)
What kinda buildings pobrecito!

MANNY (shrugs)
Banks

TONY playfully headlocks his COMPADRE.

TONY
Si! Gracias! The magic word, mi sangre! Christo!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SMALL BANK - DAY

The robbery is in progress. ANGEL, the baby-faced punk along with CHI-CHI and GASPAR, all of them originally from Fort Chaffee, cover the door and the CUSTOMERS with cheap handguns.

MANNY is cleaning out the cashier drawers when SOMEBODY walks in from the street. ANGEL grabs him and slams the guy against the wall.

DOWNSTAIRS, TONY cleans out the safe with the MANAGER looking on. He wears sunglasses and a large hat and he looks and talks sort of funny, like the gangsters -- Bogart, Robinson, Cagney -- he's worshipped in films.

TONY (indicating the cash)
Is this all you got you cheap sunufabitch!

He grabs the flustered MANAGER by the collar.

BANK MANAGER
Sir, I can't control the currency supply, every week the Federal Reserve Board...

TONY
Don't gimme that double-talk you lousy rat
(notices something)
Hey! Gimme that!

Grabs the expensive Rolex watch off the MANAGER'S wrist, then twirls the MANAGER around looking at the cut of his suit, decides he likes it.

UPSTAIRS, MANNY is going nuts, looking at the clock.

ANGEL (Spanish)
Hey man what the fuck is happening, twenty fucking minutes, y'know?

MANNY (Spanish)
I'm getting him
(moving)

But TONY now appears at the head of the stairs, wearing the Manager's business suit.

MANNY (Spanish)
Goddamit Tony, let's get outta here!

TONY
Yeah, yeah, you get everything?

MANNY (to the door)
Yeah! C'mon, will ya!

The OTHERS slip out first, TONY backing out slowly grinning as MANNY waits for him at the door.

TONY
Take your time Manny, you never enjoy it otherwise, y'know...you get on your death-bed, this is the stuff you remember.

As he fades out the door...

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SEDAN - LITTLE HAVANA STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The ramshackle sedan, jammed with TONY and his MARIELITOS, is rattling down lush BRICKELL AVENUE in Southwest Miami... into 7th STREET. It's a beaten-up black and blue Monte Carlo jacked up on its springs with dune buggy threads and needing a paint job. You'd arrest these guys on sight.

TONY (counting the cash)
Hey let's get some more.

MANNY
What!

TONY
Yeah we're here ain't we. And in the mood?

Looks, points.

TONY
There, that joint! I can smell the bacon burning inside. C'mon, let's hit it!

Out the WINDSHIELD, we see a modern SUPERMARKET.

MANNY
Tony, we gotta plan this!

TONY (to ANGEL, driving)
I just did. Angel, pull over!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SUPERMARKET - DAY

TONY, in his pin-striped banker's suit, waits as the tiny, amiable-looking MANAGER approaches him at the CASHIER counter.

MANAGER
Yes sir, may I help you?

TONY flashes him his GREEN CARD with the photo on it.

TONY (with hushed authority)
Sergeant Montana, Metro Dade Homicide. There looks like there's a security problem here, let's take a walk back to your office.

Shuffling the LITTLE FELLOW along before he has a chance to examine the green card.

MANAGER
Uh certainly...

Lurking in various aisles is the MARIELITO GANG, blending in with the SHOPPERS.

In his cramped BACKOFFICE, the MANAGER enters and turns.

MANAGER
Now, Sergeant, what's the problem?

TONY pulls his Ingram MACHINE PISTOL (with suppressor) out of his pantsline and presses it between the little fellow's eyes.

TONY
Your problem, short stuff, is this is a stickup and I want all the cash you got with no bullshit or I'm gonna drill a new hole in your head, comprende?

MANAGER (squeaking)
Oh no! Oh no, my...I can't! I can't! It's...it's in the safe. It's...it's in the floor.

TONY
Then get a drill. We got all the time in the world, you and me, sweetheart.

CUT TO:

The MARIELITO GANG cleaning out the cash registers as well as the pockets of the CUSTOMERS.

MANNY (to the CUSTOMERS as he moves along the aisles)
Okay, keep moving, keep moving! Look natural now...You! Stand up!

As he checks the WINDOWS if anybody's driving by or walking up.

In the BACKOFFICE, TONY and ANGEL have just drilled the safe open with power tools; there's a stack of cash inside.

ANGEL
Oye! Madre de Dios!

TONY
Pretty isn't it?

MANNY rushes in.

MANNY (Spanish)
I think we been spotted. Some guy just drove around a couple times.

TONY (English)
Yeah, maybe he just couldn't make up his mind.

MANNY
What if he did?

TONY (packing the money in a shopping bag)
Relax, they call the cops, it'll take 'em an hour to get here, this ain't the movies.

MANNY
Fuck, Tony! You're crazy!

TONY
Yeah crazy, you gotta be crazy...

CUT TO:

TONY and MANNY and ANGEL walk out the BACKOFFICE with shopping bags under their arms.

The GANG makes for the exits. It's taking too long. Any second now we feel the cop cars will be here, yet TONY stops at a rack full of Skippy Peanut Butter.

TONY (to MANNY)
Hey, Manny? Y'ever eat this stuff? It's terrific!

As he slips a few free jars into his pockets.

MANNY (blowing up)
Fuck you, gusano! Will you come on!

TONY loves it, blowing his buddy's fuse.

TONY (moving slowly to annoy)
Sure...sure...

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

MANNY hustles into the SEDAN as TONY walks out the market, carrying his shopping bag with a cocky smile on his face. The SEDAN roars alongside him and the door swings open, and we hear angry VOICES yelling, "Get in! Goddamit, will you get in!"

...As TONY slides in deliberately and the car speeds off. The MUSIC THEME pushing upwards with the rise in Tony Montana's fortunes, carrying over and connecting as we:

CUT TO:

NICK THE PIG - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nicks' about 400 pounds, his mouth's hanging open cause it's difficult for him to breathe and he's got cuts around his eyes and a stubble on his cheeks and triple chins. Squatting in his baggy undershorts, he's counting the money at a tabletop scattered with breakfast leavings.

TONY and MANNY, across the table, wait and watch.

NICK (satisfied)
Okay.

Reaches over and sticks a clear, polyethylene-wrapped package of cocaine on the table, then produces a pharmaceutical scale, 3-posted with stainless steel trays. TONY motions to MANNY who begins weighing it out.

NICK
...Hey, you like quaaludes? Cheap? I got 26,000 of them I gotta move. I'll give you five thousand for a buck and a half apiece?

NICK indicates two dozen plastic bags filled with ludes sitting in a corner alongside discarded fast-food boxes.

TONY
...maybe. Lemme see em.

NICK sighs and with a bored wheeze stands up to get them. The chair comes with him, stuck to his ass. Nick, unsurprised, reaches around to pull it off, pissed.

NICK
Jesus fucking Christ, who built this fucking chair!

TONY laughs, to MANNY. MUSIC surges.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - LATE DAY

The HOUSE, bathed by a torpid setting sun amicable to lizards and Spanish moss, sits undistinguished and without shielding trees in the midst of a lower middle class neighborhood with look-alike yards and streets without people.

INTERIOR SEDAN - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

From his battered Monte Carlo across the curb, TONY, spruced up and nervous in a new suit, gets out carrying a bag of gifts. MANNY is at the wheel, curious.

TONY
Be back in an hour, okay

MANNY
Okay...be cool

TONY approaches the house, with the paper bag held high against his chest.

INTERIOR HOUSE - DAY

The INTERIOR is comprised of small, narrow rooms filled with religious objects and waist-high black jesus statues in various corners. The floor is without rugs and mosaicked with inexpensive aztec-type tiles, the impressions clean, cluttered, Catholic, and depressing.

TONY shares a look with his MOTHER, a stout aging woman with a powerful face. She's shook, closing the front door behind him.

MAMA (ambiguous)
You...

TONY (gentle, in Spanish)
Hi, Mama...long time

MAMA
No postcards from jail, hunh?

Pause. He doesn't offer to kiss her nor she him. He moves to his 19 year-old sister, GINA, looking on equally amazed from the LIVING ROOM.

TONY (enthusiastic now)
Hey look at you! You're beautiful... What's it been five, six years? Last time I saw you you looked like a boy. Now look at you, you're a beauty queen! Look at those eyes hunh? Like a tiger.

She smiles, moved by some still unexpressed emotion. She's a naturally dark, curly-headed beauty with a slim graceful figure and large-lidded eyes brimming with the same energy as Tony's. (She might also be recognizable from the shapshot we saw in Tony's hand on the boat.)

TONY pauses, awkward with the MAMA'S eyes boring into him. He pulls one of the gift-wrapped boxes from his package and proffers it to GINA.

TONY
Hey I got this for you, it's no big deal but...

The present hangs there in space an extra beat. Suddenly GINA explodes -- emotionally, just like Tony might -- and rushes into his arms, hugging him fiercely.

GINA
Oh, Tony! Tony!

TONY, surprised by the ferocity of her hug, looks over her shoulder at MAMA, picking up her stony expression.

GINA is crying into Tony's shoulder.

GINA (a muffled voice)
I never thought I'd see you again. Never!

TONY, over her shoulder, opens the gift box.

TONY
Hey, pussycat, c'mon -- you think they can keep a good man down?

Disengaging gently, he holds up the contents of the gift box in front of her tearing eyes. It's a beautiful DIAMOND LOCKET to wear around her neck. Her eyes moved, stunned.

TONY
...yeah nice...look -- here. What I got written on it...

"To Gina From Tony. Always."

GINA mutters.

GINA
It's beautiful, Tony, it's beautiful.

MAMA amazed at the cost of the gift. TONY looks over at her, pulling out another gift box.

TONY
And believe it or not, I got something for you too, Mama. Take a look.

Moving towards her, opening the gift himself, he holds up an exquisite pearl necklace. She stares at it. TONY looks over at GINA, watching her reaction. She comes over, takes the necklace for her MOTHER.

GINA (affectionately)
Mama, it's beautiful! Don't be such an old sourpuss hunh.

TONY (patting Mama's shoulder)
Hey mira, Mama, we're here! America! We made it hunh! The three musketeers!

Tossing the empty package aside, he pulls out the last gift, a bottle of champagne.

TONY
Oye! Let's toast!
(singing)
"America. America. From sea to shining sea!"

CUT TO:

MAMA, with things on her mind, is silently cooking a lunch, as TONY and GINA finish the champagne at the KITCHEN table.

GINA
...So Mama's still at the factory and I'm

CONTINUED

GINA (Cont'd)
working part-time at a beauty parlor. I'm doing hair. Remember Hiram Gonzalez? His father had the barbershop in Havana?
(TONY nods)
It's his place. Plus I'm going to Junior College -- Miami Dade -- and in two more years I get my cosmetology license and then I'll be making enough...

TONY
Yeah well surprise, all that's over with starting today. I didn't bring up my kid sister to work in no hair shop...

MAMA looks over at him on the words "bring up" and he catches her look.

TONY
...and Mama don't have to sew in no factory.

He pulls out a bundle of cash, fifties and hundreds, and starts peeling them off on the table.

MAMA stops working, looks.

TONY (to MAMA, as he counts)
Yeah, your son's made it, Mama, he's a success here in America. That's why I didn't show my face around. Till I showed you I'm not that bad a boy hunh?

Pushes a thousand dollar stack towards her.

TONY
That's a thousand dollars right there, Mama -- for you.

She approaches it cautiously, her fingers riffling the bills, then looks back at her son.

MAMA
Who'd you kill for this, Tony?

GINA (aghast)
Mama!

MAMA
What is it banks now or is it still bodegas, you and the other punks?

TONY
C'mon, Mama. Things are different. I'm

CONTINUED

TONY (Cont'd)
working with this anti-Castro group. I'm an organizer now, we get a lotta political contributions...

MAMA
Sure you do, Tony -- with a gun sticking in somebody's face, that's where -- just like the old days in Havana.

GINA (springing to her feet)
What are you saying, Mama! He's your son!

MAMA
Son? I wish I had one. He's a bum! He was a bum then and he's a bum now!
(to TONY)
Who do you think you are, we haven't heard a word from you in 5 years and you suddenly show up here and throw some money around and you think you'll get my respect? You think you can buy me with some jewelry? You think you can come into my house with your hotshot clothes and your jailhouse manners and make fun of...

TONY
Hey, Mama, come on, I wasn't...

MAMA (shaking her finger)
No, no, that's not the way I am, Tony, and that's not the way I --
(emphasizing it)
I raised Gina to be. You're not going to destroy her. I don't need your money, thanks. I work for my living -- and I don't want you in this house anymore and I don't want you around Gina. So leave us alone...go on, get out! And take this lousy money with you, it stinks!

She casts the bundle of bills back across the table like it was dead lettuce.

A silence. TONY sits there livid, soothing his scar, about to explode, but doesn't. GINA mutters something in the silence.

GINA
Oh, Mama...why do you got to spoil it for everybody.
(to TONY)
I'm sorry, Tony, I...

TONY nods his head at his MOTHER.

TONY (gently)
Okay, Mama, okay...

EXTERIOR HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

TONY walks out icily.

MANNY (waiting in the car, seeing his expression)
Relatives hunh? A pain in the ass, they --

TONY
Shaddap!

He's climbing into the car when GINA hurries out the house.

GINA
Tony!

MANNY
Hey who's that?

Checks himself in the rearview mirror, slicks his hair.

TONY and GINA talk next to the car.

GINA
Tony...Mama -- since Papa took off...

TONY
Hey forget Papa, we never had one, okay? He was a bum!

GINA (continuing)
...she's got a lot of hate in her, Tony, she's proud, you got to understand that?

TONY (making light of it now)
Hey it's okay, it's Mama, what do you want, she's old world.

GINA
Tony, I know you did some bad things back then. The Army, I know you got into some trouble.

TONY
Communists you know, they're always trying to tell you what to do.

GINA
Mama, she doesn't understand that...but I

CONTINUED

GINA (Cont'd)
just want you to know, y'know, I don't care. Five years, 10 years, it doesn't matter how long you been away, you're my blood. Always.

Pause. She stares intently at him, emphasizing it.

TONY
Hey I know...I know.

She gives him a soft, barely-touching kiss. He takes out his money roll.

TONY
Say, I want you to keep this for yourself. Okay? Help Mama out, but don't tell her I gave you this, okay?

She hesitates. He nudges her on the cheek and slaps the whole wad into her palm.

TONY
Go on! Go out and have some fun, what the hell? You gonna beat yourself to death at 19, pussycat like you?

He gets in the car. She peers in.

GINA
You can come by the shop y'know, any afternoon, I'll be there okay?

Her eyes fall on MANNY at the wheel.

He smiles back with charm.

GINA'S eyes pause on him, then withdraw. The SEDAN drives off.

INTERIOR SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

MANNY (driving)
Hey, cono, you never told me you had such a good-looking doll for a sister!

TONY looks at him without mercy.

TONY
Stay away, Manny, she's not for you... okay?

MANNY (feeling the heat)
Sure...sure

A beat.

PHONE BOOTH - EXTERIOR VERSAILLES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The booth is in the busy PARKING LOT, TONY on the phone.

TONY
...yeah yeah

OMAR'S VOICE
...dos apparata, no more no matter how good the taste of the yeyo, okay?

TONY
Yeah, yeah okay

OMAR'S VOICE
Go to the Bank, they're waiting for you. You know your limit?

TONY
Yeah

OMAR'S VOICE
12 bricks each amigo

TONY
I heard you the first time

The phone clicks dead. Hanging up, Tony's got a worried look.

MANNY, coming from a rap with a bunch of GUYS, intersects as they walk back to the SEDAN.

MANNY
Omar?

TONY
Yeah. We been promoted.

MANNY
Hey! I told you we fly straight with these guys, we're gonna score.

TONY
We go shopping tonight. Two keys. Bunch of Colombians. In a motel up in Lauderdale. Boss never done business with these guys before.

MANNY
So?

TONY (getting in the sedan)
So nothing. I just don't like fuckin' Colombians. They're animals!

CUT TO:

FORT LAUDERDALE STRIP - THAT NIGHT

MOVING SHOT -- the neon clubs, glimpses of SINGLE GIRLS in high collared silver lame jump suits with cinched waists, prowling across the TRAFFIC like big glistening tents, on the move from one set of clubs on one side of the strip to the other. TRAFFIC jamming up, rich YOUNG coiffed GUYS in their Lamberghinis and Porsches honking their horns in appreciation. Brain drain.

Seen from the inside of the beaten-up MONTE CARLO SEDAN rattling down the strip. TONY turns down the salsa beat on the RADIO. smoking a cigarette tensely. In the back seat are ANGEL and CHI-CHI, looking at the chicks.

MANNY, driving, reflects the tension by repeatedly whistling a vapid series of notes under his breath, staring out at the GIRLS.

MANNY (seeing one)
Oooh boy, look at that chick, hunh? Hot hunh

ANGEL
Yeah, lookit those tits, man, she's begging for it

MANNY
Hey, Tony, you been practicing?

He flicks his tongue around for Tony.

MANNY
Hunh? You gotta practice, chico. They love it when you flop that pussy around.
(laughs)

TONY
Drive willya

MANNY (whirring his tongue again)
Gotta stay loose...

THRU WINDSHIELD, the bright yellow lights of a gaudy MOTEL on the strip -- "CASTAWAYS" -- coming closer.

TONY (tense, indicates)
This is it.

MANNY
Right out in the open hunh?

TONY
That's the way I like it, baby. Dodge City. Pull over across the street.

The MOTEL coming closer in the silence.

TONY (to MANNY)
You and Chi-Chi hang around, anything looks wrong, y'know, I'm in Room 9...Give it fifteen minutes max. Money stays in the trunk till I come out and get it. Nobody else. Got it?

MANNY nods and pulls the car up. They share a look and TONY gets out.

CUT TO:

CASTAWAYS MOTEL - NIGHT

TONY and ANGEL come slowly, gingerly down an INTERIOR CORRIDOR...to a ROOM marked '9'. Nodding to Angel, Tony knocks. Pause.

The door's opened casually by an ugly, squat five foot-four inch Colombian, "THE TOAD." He's in his forties, sports shirt hanging over his polyester pants, old acne scars on his face, like Omar; he's good-natured, a nice guy, he smiles, taking in ANGEL who hangs back in the corridor.

TOAD
Hey, oye amigo...

Spreading his arms in such a fashion to indicate he's clean.

TONY, stepping into the conventionally tasteless orange and blue motel ROOM, spreads his hands in a similar posture indicating he too is not carrying; but this is only symbolic, it's not meant to be a body search.

TONY (as he steps in)
Yeah, how you doing, amigo...?

The other person in the room is a tough-looking little dark Colombian chick with expressionless eyes, red fingernails, and short boycut hair, "THE LIZARD"; she's tinier than the Toad, about five one or five two.

The TOAD eases the door closed on Angel who stays in the corridor.

TONY (checking out the room)
Mind leaving the door open so my brother can hear

TOAD shrugs and readjusts, leaving it open a few inches, the conversation clipped and nervous throughout the scene.

TOAD
Sure, no problem...This is Marta

TONY
Hello, Marta

She nods woodenly, stays across the room. Behind her, the TELEVISION SET is on to the "Cable Newswatch." The protagonists intermittently flick their eyes to it, soothing the tension.

TOAD
I'm Hector...

Pause.

TONY
Yeah. I'm Tony. So Omar says you're okay.

TOAD
Yeah, Omar's okay.

TONY
Okay...

TOAD
Okay...so you got the money?

TONY
Yeah, you got the stuff?

TOAD
Sure I got the stuff, but I don't got it right here with me. I got it close by.

TONY
Yeah well I don't got it either, I got it close by too.

TOAD
Where, in the parking lot?

TONY
Maybe. How far's your stuff?

TONY paces back towards the door casually, to check ANGEL out ...The LIZARD staring at him.

TOAD
Not far

Pause. Everything seems okay.

TONY
So what do we do, walk in and start over?

TOAD (changes subject)
Where you from?

TONY'S eyes check out the BATHROOM.

TONY
What fuckin' difference does it make where I'm from?

TOAD
I like to get to know who I do business with.

It's like he's stalling for time. The LIZARD has made a move somewhere off-center and is now sitting on the bed, coiled and always watching.

TONY
You'll get to know me when you start doing business and not fucking around, Hector.

TOAD
Hey I'm just a friendly guy, maybe you don't...

TONY
Okay, what's the stall here? Your guy late or something?

There's suddenly a door SLAMMING somewhere outside, then COMMOTION.

ANGEL
Tony!

TONY goes for his Baretta in the small of his back when he hears a frightening female SHRIEK, like a bird.

LIZARD (slang Spanish)
Don't! Get up! NOW, shithead!

She's standing there with a .32 pointed steady at him, the eyes like angry steel. There's no mistaking her ability to shoot.

THE TOAD pulls a 9mm. out of the small of his back, approaches TONY.

ANGEL is shoved into the room, followed by TWO more COLOMBIANS, "THE KIDS." They slam the door, both carrying Ingram machine

pistols with silencers, neither of them higher than five four or older than 20, with their straight black Indian hair cut across their blank eyes, they look like hungry little piranha careless about killing, muttering with the LIZARD in fast COLOMBESE SLANG...

As TOAD strips the Baretta from TONY then takes the .38 off his ankle holster.

TONY
Hey, Frog Face, you just fucked up. You steal from me, you're dead.

TOAD shrugs, he couldn't care less.

TOAD
Yeah okay, you gonna give me the cash or am I gonna kill your brother first? Before I kill you?

TONY
Try sticking your head up your ass. See if it fits.

TOAD mutters something in hard Colombian slang to the TWO KIDS who shove ANGEL into the BATHROOM, producing strands of thick rope.

Even more worrisome is the CHAINSAW that the LIZARD now pulls out of the suitcase under the bed. TOAD begins assembling it as LIZARD, still covering TONY with her gun, completes the deadpan process by turning up the VOLUME on the TELEVISION set. The NEWS, not so ironically in Miami, is about a drug-related triple-homicide.

CUT TO:

CHI-CHI sitting at the wheel of the sedan, parked across the street in front of "Tony Romas Rib Joint."

MANNY paces outside the car, glances.

A SMALL WOMAN -- the LIZARD -- steps out in shadow in the PARKING LOT of the "Castaways" across the street, looks around, sees nothing, casually goes back in.

MANNY looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

ANGEL hangs suspended on the ropes from the top of the shower curtain bar, his legs straddling the edge of the bathtub. TOAD slaps a tape over his mouth.

TONY, covered by the TWO KIDS, watches from the lip of the BATHROOM. He bucks angrily but the TWO KIDS ram their pistols up against his temple and pin him to the door.

ANGEL looks at TONY; the eyes between them steady. They're dead and they know it.

TOAD, well prepared, connects a voltage adapter and extension cord to the chain saw and plugs it into the wall socket as he talks.

TOAD (to TONY)
You watch what happens to your friend okay? If you don't want this to happen to you, you'll get the money.

LIZARD reenters the room, shakes her head at the TOAD who nods and turns on the whirring machine.

ANGEL waits.

It's getting hot and crowded in the small bathroom.

The TOAD smiles amiably and angles the chainsaw slowly towards ANGEL.

The TWO KIDS press tight against TONY, guns pointed at his brains...OFFCAMERA we know what's happening as we HEAR the CHAINSAW and we watch Tony's growing rage.

LIZARD has no expression on her face. The MACHINE cuts off.

The TOAD steps back from the tub, blood splattered on his shirt, examining his first cut like a butcher. He glances at Tony.

TOAD
Now the leg, hunh?

A brief glimpse of ANGEL slumped by one arm like a cow on a strap, streaming blood, eyes conscious and horrified; a terrifying sight. The chainsaw whirrs once more.

CUT TO:

MANNY, definitely suspecting something now, moves with CHI-CHI across the PARKING LOT of the Castaways Motel. They signal and separate.

CUT TO:

THE TOAD turns off the chainsaw and steps back, now drenched with Angels' blood. He looks at Tony.

TONY glances back at him deadpan.

The TOAD nods to the KIDS.

TOAD (in slang)
Bring the Caracortada here.

The KIDS shove TONY forward and we glimpse ANGEL lying hunkered at his feet in the bathtub, in the steam of his blood, piss dead.

CUT TO:

MANNY moves crouched down the central CORRIDOR, Ingram pistol in hand, past a perfectly respectable GERMAN TOURIST COUPLE who move away in background, disbelieving this vision.

At the door of ROOM 9, MANNY waits, listens...

CUT TO:

The KIDS are starting to strap TONY up to the top of the shower.

The LIZARD watches from the lip of the bathroom, impassively.

TOAD
You wanta change your mind, bigmouth?

Tony casually spits on the floor.

TONY (with a certain noblesse)
Go fuck yourself.

KID ONE slaps the tape across Tony's mouth.

KID TWO reaches up to tighten the overhead strap to Tony's wrists.

The TOAD turns on his chainsaw when suddenly there's a GUNSHOT from the HALL.

And the DOOR smashes open and MANNY barrels through and shoots a surprised LIZARD as she raises her pistol. She crashes backwards into the room, wounded. Everything happens very fast now.

MANNY is at the lip of the bathroom, he fires and hits KID ONE, who is turning in the neck.

TONY, not tied up yet, spins on KID TWO and smashes the unloosened strap across his face, sending him flying across the bathroom.

The TOAD, chainsaw in hand, slashes at MANNY.

MANNY fires a burst into him and the TOAD crashes backwards.

MANNY now spins into a wall, hit in the side.

The LIZARD, wounded on her knees, is firing her .32 at him. In background, the WINDOW simultaneously blows out as CHI-CHI appears firing a burst with his Ingram.

In sharp foreground, the LIZARD crumples forward on her knees, foaming blood.

TONY, with the tape still stuck across his mouth, smashes KID TWO, pinned against the blood-stained sink, with the stock of his own Ingram.

In the midst of this, the TOAD jumps up, wounded but with hysterical strength he tears out the motel room door gripping the whirring chainsaw in a reflex action.

CHI-CHI climbing through the window fires at him.

Meanwhile, KID TWO, with a rattlesnake life in him, produces a knife out of nowhere, just missing TONY'S gut by a half second as Tony dances back, getting a grip on the machine pistol.

He blows KID TWO away point blank, putting another ten craters in the mirror of the now-wrecked motel room.

TONY, yelling, whirls after the TOAD.

TONY

I got him!

MANNY, holding his side, empties his pistol on KID ONE who is still twitching.

MANNY sees Angel, gags.

CUT TO:

The GERMAN TOURISTS and the MANAGER step back, muttering in astonishment.

As the TOAD staggers out into the PARKING LOT, blood flying, chainsaw in hand, moving like a jerky chicken.

Their eyes follow.

As TONY comes out, walking after him deliberately, eyes set in cold fury, machine gun swinging loosely at his side.

There's no rush, no fear of the police, getting even is all that counts. He stands behind the TOAD.

TONY (Spanish)
Turn around cabron...

The TOAD whips around to the voice, eyes stark with terror.

TONY empties his whole clip into the TOAD, blowing him apart, his torso coming to rest in an awkward arch in the gutter alongside a tire.

The BYSTANDERS just stare, stunned by the ferocity.

TONY looks around, sees them, then walks back into the motel.

CUT TO:

TONY intersects MANNY, holding his side, with CHI-CHI.

TONY
Manny, you okay?

MANNY nods.

TONY
Chi-Chi, get the car. Fast!

CHI-CHI
Oye!

TONY strides into the shambles of ROOM 9, past the bodies and busted furniture to the SUITCASE on the bed from which the LIZARD pulled the chainsaw. The TV NEWS still plays in the corner.

Inside are several kilo-sized stacks of cocaine.

He shuts the suitcase, exits, stops, looks in the bathroom, at the corpse of Angel off-camera. He goes.

CUT TO:

CHI-CHI has the SEDAN waiting in the PARKING LOT. TONY hurries out, jumps in, the car speeding off.

Past the GERMANS and OTHERS writing down the license plate number.

The CAMERA swinging to hold on the blue and black MONTE CARLO disappearing into the TRAFFIC of the Strip as TWO COP CARS come screaming past them from the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

PHONE - STREET - NIGHT

CHI-CHI and MANNY wait in the SEDAN on a quiet STREET.

TONY (on the phone, icy)
...Yeah somebody fucked up and Angel's up there with the other angels

OMAR'S VOICE (shaken)
Look, let me check it out right away! I'll get right back to you!

TONY
You do that, Omar, you do that

OMAR'S VOICE
You got the yeyo?

TONY
Yeah I got it. But this time I'm giving it to the Boss. Not you. Me.

OMAR'S VOICE
Yeah okay you give it to the boss. Frank's gonna want to see you anyway, okay? Look I gotta find out what's going on here, I'll get back to you right away.

His voice is vague and rattled.

TONY
Hey, Omar...

OMAR'S VOICE
Yeah?

TONY
You were right y'know -- not showing up

Pause.

OMAR'S VOICE
What's that mean?

TONY hangs up, walks back to the SEDAN.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - NEXT NIGHT

On BRICKELL AVENUE in a swank high-rise district adjacent Coconut Grove and Coral Gables, the hub of South Miami...

The DOORMAN shows OMAR, MANNY, his side bandaged, and TONY, carrying the SUITCASE, through giant glass portals, past seriously-armed SECURITY COPS in the lobby.

INTERIOR CONDO - SAME

A deluxe apartment with the latest in electronic security and surveillance, and a profusion of mirrors and luxury items ...and a hefty, Indian-looking BODYGUARD (ERNIE), eyes quietly trained like a Doberman Pincher.

The Boss, FRANK LOPEZ, comes down a carpeted corridor, dressed for dinner in an expensive suit and shoes, somewhat preoccupied as he greets TONY, then MANNY with a phony effusion of warmth. He's of Cuban-Jewish extraction, now Americanized in a rough and handsome sort of way, on the heavy side, the face going slightly soft, but the eyes and bulk carrying an odor of danger about him.

LOPEZ
How ya doing, Tony? Glad to meet you. How bout a drink?

TONY
Mister Lopez...real pleasure

LOPEZ
Call me Frank, Tony. Everybody calls me Frank. My Little League team, even the prosecutors 'round town, they all call me Frank.

TONY
Okay, Frank

FRANK shakes hands with MANNY.

LOPEZ
Howya doing?

MANNY (awed)
Fine yeah

TONY
Manny Ray, he was with us on the job

LOPEZ (heading for the bar)
Yeah, Omar here tells me good things about you boys.

TONY (glances at OMAR)
Yeah. Omar's all right.

LOPEZ
Not to mention of course the nice job you guys did for me on that commie sonufabitch Emilio Rebenga

TONY
You don't have to mention it. That was <u>fun</u>.

LOPEZ (smiles, likes the kid's balls)
Scotch? Gin? Rum?

TONY
Gin's fine.

LOPEZ (pouring)
Yeah I need a guy with steel in his balls. I need him close to me, a guy like you, Tony -- and your compadre here

TONY
Yeah...well

Still a little overwhelmed by the opulence of the place, his clothes feeling narrow and cheap on him, TONY steps forward and puts the SUITCASE up on the bar with the gin, which LOPEZ passes to him, eyeing the suitcase.

TONY
...that's it. That's the 2 keys. It cost Angel his life. It's yours. My gift.

Pause. LOPEZ shakes his head, sighs.

LOPEZ
It's too bad about the kid. If people'd do business the right way, there'd be no fuckups like this...

He glances hard at OMAR who squirms.

Without opening it, LOPEZ signals the BODYGUARD who takes the suitcase from under TONY'S nose.

LOPEZ
Don't think I don't appreciate this gesture, Tony. You find in this business, you stay loyal you move up and you move up fast. Salud!

They drink the toast. With their eyes.

LOPEZ
Then you find out your biggest headache's not bringing in the stuff but figuring out what to do with all the goddamn cash.
(drinks)

TONY
Yeah, I hope I have that problem some day.

LOPEZ
You'll see...

LOPEZ looks, distracted, down the corridor from which he came, to ERNIE the bodyguard.

LOPEZ
Where the hell's Elvira? Go get her will you, Ernie?

The big BODYGUARD exits smoothly.

LOPEZ (to the others)
She spends half her life dressing, the other half undressing.

TONY
I guess you gotta catch her when she's naked

LOPEZ laughs. OMAR warns TONY with his eyes, no jokes.

LOPEZ
I gotta remember that one. You got some smarts, Tony. Let's go get some food, what do you say.
(finishes his drink at his impatient pace)

TONY
Yeah sure, I could eat a horse.

VOICE (from the corridor)
Yes, yes, I'm coming...

TONY looks around, his eyes tumbling on the most beautiful BLONDE he's ever seen. The LADY, preceded by ERNIE the bodyguard, is coming down the corridor adjusting her $10,000 yves st. laurent burgundy dinner dress, wobbling with one satin heel on, the other in hand, her veronica lake hair framed like a knife across a perfect oval of a face. U.S. Prime. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe -- all rolled into one set of chops.

LADY
So, Frank, your goon has rousted me out, what's next?

Adjusting her other heel she leans against the wall. A flash of leg, an upper class eastern accent.

TONY stares at her intensely.

MANNY stiffens like a wind hit him.

LOPEZ
I'm hungry, it's ten o'clock

LADY
You're always hungry, you should try starving.

LOPEZ
Funny. I want you to meet a friend of mine. Tony Montana...Elvira.

ELVIRA
Hello...

her eyes flick over him, quick and disinterested.

TONY
Uh...hi.

An awkward pause. OMAR looks at him. TONY recovers his poise.

ELVIRA
So where we going?

LOPEZ
I thought we'd head over to the Mutiny

ELVIRA
Original idea. You know, Frank, if anyone wanted to assassinate you, it wouldn't be very hard.

LOPEZ (coming towards her)
As long as it's in your arms, honey, I'll go out seeing stars.

Slipping out of his intended love smooch, she heads for the door, her throat coming into clear view with a $20,000 strip of jewelry wrapped around it.

ELVIRA
Yes well let's not get too morbid. Shall

CONTINUED

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
we go, Frank, I'm fucking starved after all.

Tracking a cool, polished hauteur she exits the apartment.

LOPEZ, after a pause, snaps at his men.

LOPEZ
Okay, let's go.

CUT TO:

THE MUTINY CLUB - NIGHT

We know the place is not a working man's dive when LOPEZ piles them out of his ROLLS and the CARHOPS are moving Bugattis, Porsches, and Corniches in a long snaking line down the DRIVEWAY.

The INTERIOR is build like 3 or 4 plus apartments that run together on three separate levels with imaginative angles, mirrors, swimming pool, bars, 20 piece band, hundreds of tropical plants, dance floor, video games, computers, and a restaurant. It's a lavish fun spot that will play a central role in the film, a drug dealer haven and nighttime capital of South America.

The CROWD, a combination of Caucasian and Latin, is mostly young, rich and happy and a lot of them coked; the GIRLS, upper class in sleek dresses, trim figures, heels, hats, sensuous bodies, yell as they dance to a black American MUSIC beat, "Celebrating" or "Partying Down Tonight"...

The WAITRESSES, mostly blondes, wear little coco chanel hats pinned to their heads and the barest pants with hose and high heels.

Rich YOUNG GUYS with a lot of gold and diamonds on their necks and hands huddle briefly in groups or chat.

Down at the vid games are YOUNGER CHICKS in jeans and tough-looking tank tops with "Motherfuckah" and "Fuck Me" written on them. MANNY'S trying to pick one of them up.

MANNY
So whaddaya say, hunh?

He flashes his tongue. She looks at him, amused.

CHICK
You got a buck?

MANNY
Sure I got a buck, whaddaya think I am, poor?

CHICK (indicates the machine)
Put it in, let's play.

MANNY
I had other things in mind

CHICK
You check out on this and we'll talk about other things

MANNY (confronting the complex machine)
Fuck, how do you play this thing?

CUT TO:

FRANK LOPEZ, intoxicated, takes his heart pill with a slug of champagne. HE sits next to TONY. OMAR and ERNIE look on. ELVIRA is in conversation with a GIRLFRIEND who has stopped by. They're sitting at the best table in the place, finishing up a giant meal.

LOPEZ
...you know what a "haza" is, Tony?

TONY
"Haza?" No, Frank, what's a haza?

LOPEZ
It's Yiddish for pig. It's a guy he's got more'n what he needs, so he don't fly straight anymore, yknow. That's the problem in this business, Tony, there's too many "hazas" and they're the ones you got to watch out for. If they can fuck you outta an extra dime, they'll rip you and flip you and then fuck you with a stick for the pure <u>pleasure</u> of it. See it all comes down to one thing, Tony boy, never forget it. Lesson number one -- never underestimate the power of greed.

ELVIRA
Lesson number two -- don't get high on your own supply.

The GIRLFRIEND has departed and ELVIRA turns her attention back to them, bored.

LOPEZ
That's right. Course not everybody follows the rules.
(eyeing ELVIRA)

HEAD WAITER
There you go, Mister Lopez

He's popped the champagne cork and pours Dom Perignon for LOPEZ.

LOPEZ (sipping)
This the '64?
(WAITER nods)
Give it to everybody and bring another willya, Jack?
(to TONY)
550 dollars for this bottle, Tony, what do you think of that hunh? For a bunch of fucking grapes -- isn't that something?

ELVIRA (to TONY)
In France it costs a $100 but don't tell anybody in Miami

TONY catches her eye. She looks away, interested.

LOPEZ
So...here's to old friends and...new friends.

They toast, TONY tasting it like it was holy water.

LOPEZ
Well, Tony?

TONY
Hey, yeah, you're not kidding, this is good stuff, Frank

LOPEZ laughs, likes the kid, tweaks him on the cheek.

LOPEZ (checking TONY'S threads)
Yeah, get you some new clothes, some $500 suits, you'll look real sharp. I'd like you to handle some stuff for me, Tony, work with Omar here. We're doing something big next month. Running a bunch of mules out to Columbia. You do good on that there'll be other things.

OMAR doesn't like it but glances away.

TONY
Hey, that sounds like fun, Frank. Thanks.

Finishes his champagne and pulls out two cigars of his own.

TONY
How 'bout a cigar?

LOPEZ looks at it disdainfully, then pulls out his own, more expensive ones from a gold box.

LOPEZ
Try these, you'll like 'em better.

TONY takes it as the MUSIC shifts to slow dancing.

ELVIRA (waving away cigar smoke)
So, you want to dance, Frank, or you want to sit here and have a heart attack?

LOPEZ
Me dance? I'd rather have a heart attack.

ELVIRA (rising)
Don't foam into the Dom Perignon.

Glancing at OMAR, sitting there obediently. Her eyes say forget it.

ELVIRA (to TONY)
How about you?

TONY nods sure, looks at his BOSS.

LOPEZ (waves)
Go on!

They go.

It's interesting to watch TONY walk to the floor, leading ELVIRA. It's not so much an act of walking as it is an act of war, a tank bouncing anything or anybody off that gets in the way. He just proceeds in a straight dead line, eyes forward. It's not that he doesn't see the people he bumps off, it's that he couldn't care less.

LOPEZ (to OMAR)
What do you think?

OMAR
I think he's a fucking peasant.

LOPEZ
Yeah -- but you get guys like that on your side they break their backs for you.

CUT TO:

TONY and ELVIRA are dancing to a Billy Joel beat. He's no great shakes as a dancer, leaden in the legs and shoulders.

TONY
So what's your name?

ELVIRA (stiff)
Hitchcock. Elvira Hitchcock.

TONY
Sounds like a bird or something.

Bumps into another COUPLE of the floor, ignores them.

ELVIRA
It happens to be an old name. It's a Rhode Island name.

TONY
What's Road Island. Where the hell's that?

ELVIRA
In the northeastern United States as a matter of fact. My ancestors disembarked there in 1640 -- you know on one of those quaint sailing ships from England. Not that that would make any difference to this conversation...

TONY
What'd they come over for? They owe money?

ELVIRA
No religious persecution.

TONY
You sure look like a victim of religious persecution.

ELVIRA
Yes and you look like you work for the White House.

He bumps once more into the OLDER COUPLE. The OLDER MAN is giving him an exasperated look which he totally ignores.

TONY (grins, gets closer)
Nah, I'm like your relatives. I come over on a boat too.

ELVIRA
Oh, part of the Cuban crime wave?

TONY (glances around, suddenly flushing)
What're you talking crazy for! You don't know what you're talking about! I'm a good guy. I come here for political reasons okay...

ELVIRA
Oh I'm sorry. If I'd known you were so sensitive about your diplomatic status, I'd...

TONY
What's your problem, baby -- what do you got against the world? You got all this bread and you got a look on your face like you haven't been laid in a year?

ELVIRA (suddenly comes to life)
Of all the nerve! Who says I haven't been laid in a year? How would you ever know, you arrogant, clumsy-footed oaf. How dare you!

TONY (laughs)
That a way, baby

ELVIRA
Don't call me baby, I'm not your baby. And what bread? My mother pissed it all away. Why else would a bored 9th generation Newport junkie be living with a spic Jew drug kingpin? And dancing with jerks like you! You got it now, Jose? Fuck off!

She whips off the floor, pissed. TONY, amused, follows, bumping once more into the same COUPLE, the elderly man now enraged and muttering something at him. TONY doesn't hear it as he walks by.

At the TOILETS, ELVIVA looks back before entering the LADIES, sees him coming.

ELVIRA
What do you want?

TONY
Where you going?

She's got her hand in her bag, impatiently glances around.

ELVIRA (reluctantly)
Allright. Come on.

TONY, thinking he's going to get something unexpected here, follows her into the LADIES. Past a YOUNG WOMAN who pays no attention as she plasters her face with paint. ELVIRA leads TONY into a stall and locks the door.

TONY waits, expectant.

But instead of a quick feel, MISS HITCHCOCK whips out a coke bottle and blows a pile of dust down his throat...then jams it up his nose, in spades...then shotguns herself, in triplets as we

CUT TO:

A steep rising OVERHEAD ANGLE on what it might feel like to them down there in the toilet stall.

TONY
...yeah, wow -- oooh, puta de sangria!

ELVIRA (challenging)
All right? You satisfied?

TONY
Are you kidding?

He grabs her and kisses her hard right there in the TOILET, forcing her dress up her legs, revealing her voluptuous thighs and grabbing for her crotch like a starved beast. She resists violently.

ELVIRA
You animal! No! You don't understand!
Let go! LET GO!

She pushes him off, then smacks him hard across the face. He is stunned, about to slug her back, then refrains.

ELVIRA
Don't get confused.

She storms out, slamming the toilet door on him.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SEDAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

TONY and MANNY drive home through LITTLE HAVANA.

TONY
That chick he's with...she likes me.

MANNY
Oh yeah, how do you know this?

TONY
The eyes, chico, they don't lie.

MANNY
Tony that's the Boss's lady, whatcha wanna do, get us killed?

TONY
He's soft, I see it in his face -- booze and a "cuncha" that tells him what to do.

MANNY
Hey Tony, last year we were in a fucking cell, settle for what you got, hunh?

TONY
When you're on a roll, chico, you gotta go all the way.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - PASSING TIME

Triumphant MUSIC accompanying the flipping of CALENDAR LEAVES.

U.S. CUSTOMS - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

TONY, spruce in his new three-piece suit with the diamond on the finger and the expensive watch, looks like the young ethnic American businessman in import-export as he steps in front of a chunky young CUSTOMS OFFICER, who looks at him coldly.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Mind opening that, sir?

TONY, calm, unzips the chic leather single suitcase, his eyes drifting around...

A WOMAN, with a CHILD and his toy panda in a babycarriage, is being cursorily checked in an adjacent line.

A NUN is being waived through the third line.

A TEENAGE GIRL, waiting in a fourth line, glances nervously in Tony's direction.

TONY looks away, back at the OFFICER who is thoroughly ransacking the suitcase looking for a false bottom.

He waits, confident.

An OLD MAN is now waived through a fifth line.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Uh...would you please step into that room over there sir?
(gives him a slip of paper, pushes a button and closes his station)

TONY goes with a weary sigh.

In a SMALL ROOM, we briefly see TONY begin to strip for body search as the OFFICER and ANOTHER CUSTOMS AGENT watch coldly.

TONY exits the AIRPORT, MANNY picking him up in a CADILLAC.

STASH HOUSE - MIAMI - DAY

The MOTHER type unscrews the handles of the baby carriage, pulling out the wrapped cocaine, while NICK THE PIG, now working for Tony, extricates another load from the KID'S panda bear which is now in shreds.

The OLD MAN meanwhile, helped by CHI-CHI, is removing a sophisticated false bottom from his suitcase, laminated and difficult to detect.

MANNY breaks open a wooden clothes hanger concealing cocaine as the TEENAGE GIRL extracts another package from her opened hairspray can.

The MOTHER, not yet finished, picks up her baby and starts removing the cocaine from its diaper.

While the former NUN steps out of the TOILET, in partial habit, adjusting her underpants; she places a package of cocaine on a table, on which we now see approximately five kilos stacked.

TONY counting out the cash for his mules.

MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Again. But this time going out.

The NUN now a housewife, going through an exit gate carrying handluggage.

TONY watching, glances up at the electronic information board -- HOUSTON clocks out the time and the boarding gate... we move to LOS ANGELES -- "on time"...

TONY'S eyes moving to the MOTHER, now without the child, buying her ticket at the counters.

MANNY joins him, nodding okay. TONY, with a glance at his watch, starts out the terminal. The ROAR of the AIRCRAFT blending with CITY SOUNDS as we continue the rapid pace of the MONTAGE with MUSIC.

MIAMI LOCATIONS - ALL TIMES

TONY and NICK THE PIG making a package delivery to a BLACK DEALER in a CAR on the STREET, NIGHT.

TONY, with MANNY, shaking hands with a STOCKBROKER in a BROKERAGE HOUSE, DAY. Tony gives him a manilla envelope and the Broker is effusive, Tony pointing to the ticker, asking the price on a stock...

TONY entering a class RESTAURANT, NIGHT, and taking the MAITRE D' aside, gives him his envelope.

TONY and NICK THE PIG shakes hands with the FOREMAN and exit a FURNITURE FACTORY in LITTLE HAVANA.

In a high-fashion STORE, DAY, TONY buys a beautiful dress for GINA who is delighted when she sees herself in the mirror, hugs Tony. MANNY is there watching, unable to take his eyes off GINA.

CUT TO:

LUXURY MOTOR SALES - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

TONY - accompanied by MANNY and the SALESMAN -- examines a bright RED JAGUAR - XG6. ELVIRA stands to the side, aloof in a Pucci summer dress.

TONY (coming over to her)
So what do you think?

ELVIRA
Loud

TONY
Yeah, class -- like one of them tigers from Africa.

MANNY (to ELVIRA)
Tony been dragging me around to the zoos, looking at tigers. It's his new thing

ELVIRA
You going to drive around with a tiger in the passenger seat Tony?

TONY
Yeah...maybe some lady tiger
(to the SALESMAN)
How much?

SALESMAN
28,000 clams. Fully equipped.

TONY
That all?

SALESMAN (witty)
Machine gun turrets are extra.

TONY (circling the car)
Funny guy hunh...Manny, c'mere.

MANNY comes over and TONY walks him along the car, in quieter tones.

TONY
...Get this section bulletproofed...here

MANNY
Yeah

TONY
...and here...and put some blackout shutters on, y'know and this window, yeah -- tint it

MANNY
...dark

TONY
Yeah. And one of those radio scanners, y'know, pick out flying saucers and stuff

MANNY
Yeah a good one

ELVIRA (joining them)
Don't forget the fog lights

TONY
Yeah in case I go to the swamps. Good idea.

MANNY
Gonna cost Tony

TONY
You worry about it.

ELVIRA (impatient)
I thought I was invited for lunch.

TONY
You hungry?

ELVIRA
Yeah I'm starving. I didn't eat last night.

TONY
Check it out will you Manny and pay the guy

MANNY
Thanks, yeah...

TONY goes off with ELVIRA towards her sleek PORSCHE sportscar.

TONY
Glad you came. I wouldn't buy the car you didn't like it.

ELVIRA
Planning on driving the girls crazy, aren't you?

TONY
Yeah -- you know who

ELVIRA
Me I suppose. And what would Frank say?

TONY
I like Frank...but I like you better

He opens the driver's door for her, his eyes wiping her as she slides by him to get in.

ELVIRA
You move fast, Tony, too fast.

TONY
No. I been waitin' a long time. The first moment I laid eyes on you, I was crazy about you. The first moment. You understand?

They stare. She snorts from a vial of coke that suddenly appears in her hand.

ELVIRA
Get yourself your own girl, Tony, I'm not for rent.

TONY
Hookers I can rent. A full-time woman -- that's serious.

ELVIRA (starts the ignition)
Don't get too serious, you're cuts the way you are.

He shuts her door and starts around to the other side with a wolfish grin.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR COCAINE LAB - BOLIVIA - DAY

SUBTITLE appears: COCHABAMBA, VOLIVIA

ALEJANDRO SUAREZ is a playboy, about six foot two, black wavy hair, athletic body and a Copacabana tan, the clothes a casual polo shirt and the latest pants from Calvin Klein. On his wrist is a flashy gold ID bracelet with "ALEX" written in diamonds and on the other wrist a gold rolex with a bessel full of diamonds worth maybe $30,000. His eyes fizzle with an energy derived not from drugs but the continual excitement of his toys and his money.

Accompanying him everywhere is THE SHADOW, a thin, intense venomous-looking Hispanic man in his thirties, he has the look of death in an unsmiling face. He is always in proximity to his Jefe, usually slightly behind the person or persons addressing Suarez -- in a sort of garotte position, his eyes swivelling to stare down the person who might glance at him. He is a continual source of tension underplaying the scenes, particularly coming to affect Omar who is nervous to begin with.

SUAREZ is showing TONY and OMAR through his coke-processing LAB, past four coal-fired stoves, each with massive iron kettles bubbling with coca paste...across to a row of ovens where the refined coke dries. The CHEMISTS and INDIANS working there all acknowledge 'el rey del rey' as he passes, as proud of his factory as a vinegrower his vineyard.

TONY is in wide-eyed awe.

SUAREZ
...so this and my other factory I can guarantee production of 200 kilos refined every month of the year. Problem is I got no steady market. Some months I can't get rid of 50 keys, other months I gotta do 2-300 keys, it's crazy, hunh? How can you do business that way?

OMAR
Hey I know what you mean Mister Suarez, we got the same problems up in Miami, the demand varies for us too, month to month...

SUAREZ looks at him like that's obvious and moves on. In his skinny suit, with the wet cigarette clamped between his nervous fingers, OMAR'S not quite in his league with Suarez.

TONY follows along, stops to look at a sample of the dried coke.

The SHADOW stops, eyeballs him.

TONY eyeballs him back, playing a game with him, then samples the coke off his thumb into his nose. Pause. His expression says I like it. He moves on.

The SHADOW moves with him. It's apparent he doesn't like Tony.

SUAREZ (meanwhile)
...Basically what I'm looking for is somebody to share the risks with me, somebody back in the States who might guarantee me something like...say 150 kilos a month.

OMAR (nervously)
That's a big commitment Mister Suarez. It's too bad Frank can't be here to discuss it in person.

SUAREZ (a trace of sarcasm)
Yes it is. I would've liked to meet the man.

TONY (joining them)
And he'd like meetin' you too, Mister Suarez. But with his trial coming up y'know, it's not so easy for him to get outta the country right now y'understand?

SUAREZ taking the measure of TONY.

SUAREZ
So he sent you and Mister Sosa?

TONY
Yeah, something like that. You sure got good stuff in there Mister Suarez -- class A shit.

Looking over the LABORATORY like it was his. OMAR glances at him, annoyed.

SUAREZ
Let's get some lunch.

He exits the LAB without waiting for an answer, heading for an ARMORED HELICOPTER waiting outside, circled by GUARDS in quasi-military uniforms. The Andes Mountains surround them. The helicopter blades roar to life when SUAREZ is spotted.

TONY follows, glances at the SHADOW who moves up alongside him. Tony gives him another smile.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SUAREZ VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY

The CAMERA moves past a spectacular view of the MOUNTAINS to a cavernous DINING ROOM highlighted by huge paintings from the Spanish classical period and ornate candelabra. At the table are SUAREZ, OMAR, TONY. The SHADOW sits impassively in a folding chair off to the side, watching Omar and Tony. Tony is in awe, looking at the plates, the glasses, the silverware, a little uncomfortable and trying to fit in. He eats the salmon off his silver plate with clumsy movements of his knife and fork as the SERVANTS move to and fro with the constantly-changing dishes.

SUAREZ (to OMAR)
...if your Boss guarantees me 150 keys a months for a year and an escrow account in dollars in the Bahamas for 15% of the action, I could sell him a key as cheap as 9,000. If he picks it up here.

OMAR
We do that we gotta take the risk of delivery. We'll be cutting out the Colombians. You know what that means?

TONY
That means we gotta got to war with'em.

They all look at him, SUAREZ with some hint of amusement.

SUAREZ
When we cut out the Colombians we take risks -- on both sides.

OMAR
What if we split the risk. If your delivery were guaranteed as far as, say Panama...

SUAREZ
Panama? Risky. That's 15,000 a key.

TONY
15,000! What're you nuts? We still gotta take the shit to Florida. You know what it's like these days? They got the Navy all over the fucking place. They got frogmen, they got EC 2s with satellite tracking shit in 'em, they got fucking Bell 209 assault choppers up the ass, it's not easy anymore, y'know. It's no duckwalk for us.

Pause. SUAREZ, amused by TONY, glances over at his BLACK AIDE who suddenly appears at the door, apparently with a message. SUAREZ waves him in.

The BLACK AIDE -- THE SKULL -- is a slim, tall imposing man with academic, horn-rimmed glasses and close-cropped hair on a huge and impressive skull. He combines the physical qualities of an animal with an intellectual. As he approaches, he glances down the table, his eyes falling briefly on OMAR who doesn't connect. The SKULL falters -- just for a moment -- then continues towards SUAREZ with the same stony, loyal expression.

SUAREZ lends his ear and the SKULL whispers his information. A beat. He whispers a second thought. SUAREZ reacts minimally but reacts, his eyes moving down the table to Tony and Omar. Then he nods, dismissing the SKULL who heads out the room. SUAREZ glances at his gold rolex.

OMAR (meanwhile to TONY in a whisper)
Shaddup willya I'll do the talking

TONY shrugs.

SUAREZ
Where were we?

TONY
Panama. You're looking for a partner right?

OMAR shoots a poisonous glance at TONY.

SUAREZ (echoing TONY)
...something like that

OMAR
Look Mister Suarez, we're getting ahead of ourselves here. I'm down on Frank's authority to buy 200 keys, that's it, that's my limit. I got no right to negotiate for Frank Lopez on anything larger than that. So why don't we...

TONY
Hey Omar why don't you let the man finish! Let him propose his proposition.

OMAR
Hey Montana, you got no authority here okay? I started you in this business all right so shut the fuck up!

TONY (shrugs)
Frank'll love it. Don't worry about it.

OMAR
That's up to Frank -- not <u>you</u>

He turns embarrassed to SUAREZ, who is amused by the disturbance.

OMAR
I'm sorry about this Mister Suarez. Look if you want I'll go back and talk to Frank about this.. I don't think it's something I want to do on an overseas telephone.

SUAREZ pauses, considering.

SUAREZ
All right. My chopper can take you to Santa Cruz. I have a jet there that'll have you in Miami in 5 hours. You can be back here tomorrow for lunch.
(glances at TONY)
Leave him here. He's fun -- your partner. He can tell me war stories.

OMAR
Okay. I got no problem with that.

TONY (winking at SUAREZ)
Hey you got a deal Alex.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR SUAREZ VILLA - DAY

The HELICOPTER blades whirr. The SKULL waits inside with the SHADOW. They both stare at:

OMAR who, with one hesitant look, steps inside.

The CHOPPER lifts off the lawn, the CAMERA moving to the POLO PLAYERS exercising in the distance...a WOMAN on a horse rides by and we swing with her towards the VILLA.

SUAREZ walks TONY down an outside GALLERY towards the VERANDA where SERVANTS lay out the coffee and fruits.

TONY
...You know that story Alex about the hippie dope dealer waiting in the cigarette boat for the mothership with this Colombian guy?

SUAREZ (chuckles)
No what happens?

TONY glances past SUAREZ to an exotic-looking, dark-eyed SENORITA who gets off the horse, held by a SERVANT, and comes toward them.

TONY
Well he says to the Colombian, "Hey man it's two fuckin' hours late, when's it coming?" "That depends," says the Colombian guy. "It fuckin' depends on what?" says the doper. The Colombian guy turns to him and says, "Hey, man, that also depends."

SUAREZ loves it, they laugh together as they reach the VERANDA.

SUAREZ
That's just the way those bastards are too!

The SENORITA with the dusky, mysterious eyes of a harem woman, joins them. SUAREZ changes his personality completely with her, dewy-eyed and loving. They peck each other on the cheeks.

SUAREZ (Spanish)
Gabriella, my rose -- how was the ride this morning?

GABRIELLA (Spanish, earthy tones)
Dusty. We were in the north pasture. It needs some more sheep, Alex, the grass looks ugly.

SUAREZ
I'll see to it.

GABRIELLA (turning to go)
...and don't forget we have the Rinaldis at eight.

SUAREZ
Of course not. Uh -- an associate of mine. From Miami. Tony Montana...
(to TONY)
My fiance, Gabriella Montini.

TONY
Hello...

She nods to him in that somewhat uninterested, rude, upper-class Latin way and withdraws. TONY watches her go.

SUAREZ
Beautiful hunh? And one of the finest families in Argentina.

TONY
I gotta hand it to you Alex. You got taste. A lot of it.

SUAREZ smiles and reaches down for an expensive set of binoculars on the coffee table.

SUAREZ
I like you Tony. There's no lying in you. It's too bad the same thing doesn't hold true for your partner.

He points his binoculars at the HELICOPTER rising off the lawn.

TONY glances up at the CHOPPER, the SERVANT pouring coffee for him.

TONY
Uh -- whaddaya mean Alex?

SUAREZ
I mean Omar Sosa. He's a piece of shit.

TONY, puzzled, glances up at the CHOPPER which now hovers there high above the estate.

SUAREZ passes him the binoculars.

SUAREZ
He was recognized by my associate at lunch. From several years ago. In New York. He was an informer for the cops...

TONY, astonished, looks up.

THRU THE BINOCULARS -- we see OMAR, terrified, being positioned at the door of the CHOPPER by the SHADOW and the SKULL, his hands tied to his back and a length of thick rope looped around his neck. He is struggling backwards in vain.

SUAREZ
He put Vito Duval and the Ramos Brothers -- Nello and Gino -- away for life. My associate used to work up there. He knew this garbage. He works for anybody fucks him in the ass!

THRU THE BINOCULARS -- they throw OMAR out of the CHOPPER and he flies downwards and bounces back up as the rope stretches taut, snapping his neck. He hangs there like a broken doll on a string as the CHOPPER moves back down.

A silence. TONY, shaken, lowers the binoculars.

SUAREZ watches him closely for his reaction.

TONY looks back at him, contemplative.

SUAREZ goes over, pours himself some coffee.

SUAREZ
So how do I know you're not a copy Tony?

TONY (angry, stalks up to him)
Hey jerkoff I never fucked anybody over in my life didn't have it comin' to him - okay! All I got's my 2 balls and my Word -- and I don't break them. For nobody. That piece of shit up there I never liked, I never trusted. For all I know he's the guy who set me up and got my buddy Angel Fernandez killed. But that's history. I'm here. He's not. You wanna go on with me, say so. You don't I walk outta here -- we're even.

SUAREZ (moves away from TONY)
I think you speak from the heart Tony, but I say to myself this Lopez -- your boss -- he has chivatos like that working for him, his judgment stinks. So I think to myself, what other mistakes has this Lopez guy made, how can I trust this organization...hunh? You tell me Tony.

TONY
Hey Frank's smart. Don't blame him for that animal. It's crazy business we're in, it can happen to anybody -- even you...I'll talk to Frank myself. I'll fix this thing right between you.
(pause, with significance)
You got my word on that.

SUAREZ approaches TONY, focusing an intense stare on him, then makes an elaborate gesture of putting his hands out. TONY, following the pantomime, puts his out. SUAREZ now grips them.

SUAREZ
I think we'll do business a long time together...but just remember -- it's the only thing I ask -- don't fuck me Tony, don't ever fuck me.

Their eyes locked together.

CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW - MIAMI - TWILIGHT

In all its Caribbean splendor with the long curving beach and rich white buildings, bathed in a lovely violet light.

MUSIC THEME continuing over.

REVERSE WIPE TO:

EXTERIOR LOPEZ MOTORS (AUTO DEALERSHIP) - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

In LONG SHOT we see an agitated LOPEZ entering his dealership with his BODYGUARD. Against a background of used American cars without great distinction, he AD LIBS his way through some CUSTOMERS and SALESMEN, shaking hands and acting like everybody's favorite uncle...till we see him approach TONY, who is waiting for him with MANNY outside his office. He jerks his head. Inside. They go.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR LOPEZ OFFICE - DAY

The office is highly decorated with plaques, mementos, Cuban patriot flags, and lots of photographs, centering on JFK and RFK shaking the hand of LOPEZ who now stares incredulously at TONY.

LOPEZ (livid)
You what! You made a deal for fucking eighteen million dollars without even checking with me! What are you crazy Montana, are you crazy!

TONY
Hey take it easy Frank, cono

LOPEZ
Cono my ass!

TONY
At 13.5 a key, it's pura Frank...we can't lose money, no way, we make seventy-five million on this deal, Frank. Seventy-five mill! That's serious money.

LOPEZ
Yeah and what's Suarez gonna do when I don't come up with the first 5 million hunh, send me a bill? You know what he's gonna do, he's gonna send hit squads up here that's what.

TONY
Frank...Frank...

LOPEZ (ranting)
You know what this fucking trial is costing me in legal fees, Montana? A fucking fortune that's what. Now they got this new racketeering law that says they can take it all, everything I ever made, back to the year 1!

TONY
Hey Frank, relax, I'm in tight with Suarez. So you're short a couple mill, so I can make some moves for you on the street. I can get a mill here, a mill there.

LOPEZ
Oh yeah? You been making some moves on your own, hunh?

TONY
Hey, I keep my eyes open.

MANNY watches quietly tense...as does Lopez's BODYGUARD.

LOPEZ
Yeah? And what do your eyes say about Echeverria and the Diaz Brothers, what about them what about Gaspar Gomez, what's he gonna do when you start moving two thousand keys on the street, hunh?

TONY
Fuck Gaspar Gomez, the Echeverrias and the fuckin' Diaz Brothers, what'd they ever do for us! We'll bury them cockroaches!

Sits himself comfortably on the edge of Lopez's desk.

TONY
Look, Frank, the time's come, we gotta expand. The whole operation. Distribution. New York. L.A. Chicago. We gotta set a mark of our own Frank, and enforce it. We gotta think big now.

LOPEZ (suspicious)
Like your friend Suarez hunh? Maybe this is his idea?...Well lemme tell you about that greaseball cocksucker, he's a snake that's what he is and if you turn your back on him, he'll stick it in himelf. You don't trust a guy like that...
(pause)
Maybe I made a mistake sending you down there? Maybe that's what happened to Omar hunh? Maybe he knew something he wasn't supposed to know?

TONY
You say I'm lying Frank?

Lopez's BODYGUARD shifts.

MANNY slips his hand closer to his belt.

LOPEZ (carefully)
Let's just say I want things to stay the way they are. For now. Stall your deal with Suarez.

Long pause. TONY'S eyes meeting LOPEZ'S. He gave Suarez his word.

TONY (finally)
...have it your way boss.

He turns to leave, nods to MANNY.

LOPEZ
Montana...just remember I am the boss.

TONY
Sure you're the boss.

Gets to the door, MANNY joining him.

LOPEZ
Y'know I told you when you started Tony, the guys who last in this business are guys who fly straight, real low key, real quiet...the guys who want it all, the chicks and the champagne and the flash -- they don't last.

TONY, saying nothing, goes out the door with MANNY.

EXTERIOR LOPEZ OFFICE

Just outside the door, TONY glances at MANNY'S questionmark expression.

TONY (with steel)
Fuck him!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

TONY, impeccable in Cardin whites, and MANNY, also slicked up, are shown by an elegant SECRETARY into a plush OFFICE. Behind the desk sits the heavy-lidded, cigarette-eyed, legendary lawyer, GEORGE SHEFFIELD smoking yet another cigarette, his voice a hoarse gravelled croak, the eyes -- with their deadman stare -- always pausing before they speak. He doesn't get up from his desk. His hair is flaming red.

SHEFFIELD
What can I do for you Montana?

TONY (indicates MANNY)
My partner. Manny Ray.

MANNY, standing in the background, nods...so does SHEFFIELD, his eyes returning to TONY who plops himself in a chair.

TONY
So George, they tell me you're the best lawyer in town.

SHEFFIELD
Did they also tell you how expensive I am?

TONY
Hey it's like J.P. Morgan says -- if you gotta ask, you're outta your league.

SHEFFIELD
I see you been reading your American history Montana, what've you done lately to get your place in it?

TONY
Not much up to now. But it's like this y'see, I'm thinking about expanding in the near future. So I want a class guy like you on the payroll -- advising me. Starting now.

SHEFFIELD (a longer pause than usual)
...Start with a $100,000. Cash on the table.

TONY (an equal pause)
Sure...

He sticks out his hand. MANNY slaps an envelope in it. TONY begins counting out the cash, right on the tabletop.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR LOPEZ CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - NIGHT

TONY waits in his red jaguar in the driveway of the building.

LOPEZ, his bodyguard, and ANOTHER MAN (later identifiable as BERNSTEIN) exit the building.

A LIMOUSINE pulls up.

TONY watches.

The THREESOME get in the limo and drive away.

TONY gets out of the car, crosses to the entrance.

INTERIOR LOPEZ CONDO - DAY

TONY waits outside the door, pushes the buzzer again.

ELVIRA opens it, a look of utter surprise on her face. She's in jeans, barefoot and casual.

ELVIRA
Tony?

TONY
Hi there

ELVIRA looks at him, still astonished and waiting for an explanation. There is none.

ELVIRA
Uh...you just missed Frank

TONY
I didn't come here to see Frank.

She looks at him amazed. The balls on this guy!

ELVIRA (cooling to him fast)
This is not the time or the place. Next time make an appointment first.

She tries to slam the door in his face but he blocks it and bulls in.

TONY
I got something important to tell ya. Why don't you make some drinks and act normal.

ELVIRA
Sure. Why not? We're all normal here.

Nonplussed, she heads for the bar as TONY closes the door. She looks back at him. He swaggers across the rug to her, eyeballing her.

TONY
I heard you was in Europe travelling around all by yourself.

ELVIRA
It eases the pain.

TONY
Woman like you shouldn't have to travel alone.

ELVIRA
Never mind what a woman like me should or shouldn't do. It's none of your business is it?

TONY
Me I been down in Bolivia and Panama

ELVIRA
Broadening your intellect. I heard.

TONY
Yeah. What else did you hear?

ELVIRA
I heard you and Frank aren't working together anymore.

TONY
Yeah. It makes things easier this way, don't it?

Drinks a toast.

TONY
Here's to the land of opportunity

She drinks to it, increasingly puzzled.

TONY
Say, do you like kids?

ELVIRA
Kids? Sure, why not.

TONY
Good. Cause I like kids too. I like boys and girls.

She's waiting. He paws the ground as awkwardly as a bull.

TONY
Look, here's what I am. I'm from the gutter but I climbed out of it. I'm not the smartest guy in the world but I got guts and I know the streets and I'm making the right connection. With the right woman, there's no stopping me. I could go to the top, I could be somebody here in Miami, somebody important to the community. Like Frank y'know, charities, committees but bigger. The biggest. Tony Montana. Immigrant refugee makes good. That's me. Okay?

Pause. ELVIRA'S looking at him like he's on the moon.

TONY
Anyway what I came up here to tell you is that...uh I like you. I think you're terrific. I known this the first time I seen you. You belonged to me. We're tigers. The two of us. And I want you to be my woman. I want you to marry me and be the mother of my children.

Pause.

ELVIRA (stunned)
Me? Marry you?

She laughs, a short laugh, amazed.

ELVIRA
What about Frank? What are you going to do about Frank?

TONY (ambiguous)
Frank's not gonna last...
(puts down the drink, puts his hand on hers)
I'm not looking for an answer right now but I want you to think about it Elvira, okay? I want you to think hard...I'll see you the next time.

Pause. He goes. She watches him, still stunned, yet deep down -- flattered.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR MUTINY CLUB - NIGHT

The place is raging tonight as TONY and MANNY, in tuxedoes, arrive, making their way through the CROWD greeting the many people who know them now. We might note Tony has refined the art of walking and no longer bulls people out of his path, he angles through them.

OWNER (indicating a table)
Over here.

TONY stops, spots his sister GINA, in an expensive-looking dress, with a flashy young CUBAN GUY in a burgundy suit.

TONY
What the fuck is she...
(heads towards her)

MANNY (stops him)
Hey c'mon Tony, it's okay, it's just a disco for chrissake. What do you give her money for if you don't want her to go out, have some fun?

TONY checks himself.

GINA spots TONY, hesitates, waves to him. MANNY waves back. TONY nods. BURGUNDY SUIT checks them out.

TONY
Who's she with?

MANNY
Some kid, he works for Luco

TONY spots a LARGE MAN coming towards him. Caucasian, 260 pounds.

TONY
All right. Keep your eye on her. Make sure he don't dance too close.

MANNY
Sure Tony.

LARGE MAN (intersecting)
Hello Tony, you remember me?

MANNY (drifting away)
I'll be at the table.

TONY (to the LARGE MAN)
Yeah, sure. You're...
(snaps his fingers trying to remember)
...Bernstein, right. Mel Bernstein. Homicide. Chief Detective, right?

BERNSTEIN
That's right Tony. I think we better talk.
(indicates a quieter area)

There's something uglin in his smile, maybe it's cause just the eyes do the smiling.

TONY
Talk about what, what's there to talk about? I ain't killed anybody lately.

BERNSTEIN
No not lately but we can go back to ancient history. Like Emilio Rebenga, like a bunch of whacked Indians in the Castaways Motel in Lauderdale...

TONY
Oh yeah?...you know Mel whoever's giving you your information must be taking you *guys for a long ride.*

BERNSTEIN
Are we gonna talk or am I gonna bust your wiseass spic balls, Montana -- here and now?

TONY looks at him.

CUT TO:

TONY & MEL

In a corner of the MUTINY -- talking.

BERNSTEIN
...yeah, so the news on the street is you're bringing in a lot of yeyo Tony... that you're no longer a small-time hood, that you're public property and the Supreme Court says your privacy can be invaded.

TONY
No shit -- how much?

BERNSTEIN (doodling on a piece of paper)
There's an answer to that too...

He holds the paper up briefly in front of Tony. It says "$25,000."

TONY (reacts)
That's a big number.

BERNSTEIN
That's just for openers. You know how this works don't you? We get to know each other, you feed me a bust now and then, we trade. You tell me where a homicide goes down, me and my boys get there, leave a little something for us. Other day a Cube got clipped up in Miami Springs y'know we found a hundred grand cash. Obviously robbery was <u>not</u> the motive.
(chuckles)
Same thing works the other way, we tell you who's moving against you, we shake down who you want shaken down, we collect for you. We're 8 guys. Professionals. When we hit, it hurts.

TONY
...How do I know you're the last cop I gotta grease? What about Metro, Lauderdale, DEA -- How do I know what rock they're gonna come out from under?

BERNSTEIN
That's your problem Tony, we don't cross no lines.
(getting up)
Need I say I got 8 killers working for me. If their reputations are compromised, their families and their careers are gonna suffer; they're gonna make you suffer...Oh yeah and 2 of my boys got a vacation coming up. Throw in 2 round-trip tickets to London, England, okay? First class.

TONY just stares at him. BERNSTEIN loves it, points.

BERNSTEIN
I like the scar. Like Capone. Nice. But you oughta smile more Tony. Enjoy yourself. Every day above ground's a good day.

He winks and goes. TONY sits there brooding on it, eyes flicking back to the dance floor.

BURGUNDY SUIT there is snuggling up to GINA on the dance floor. Too close.

TONY is getting pissed, he looks around for MANNY, then spots...

ELVIRA walking into the club, followed by LOPEZ and ERNIE, the BODYGUARD. LOPEZ is delayed at the door by his buddy, the OWNER, and ELVIRA drifts in. His attention diverted from Gina, Tony goes towards her.

She sees him coming, glances in FRANK'S direction.

TONY comes right up to her, smiling but direct and serious.

TONY
Hi...

ELVIRA
Hello Tony

LOPEZ, in conversation with the OWNER, glances over, sees TONY with ELVIRA, his expression narrows.

TONY
So...Did you think about what I said? About the kids?

ELVIRA (pause)
Tony, you're really nuts you know, you really are.

LOPEZ comes over, takes ELVIRA'S arm, and smiles at TONY.

LOPEZ
Hey Tony, why don't you get your own girl?

TONY
That's what I'm doing Frank.

Tense look on FRANK'S face. The BODYGUARD circles.

LOPEZ (without a smile)
Then go do it somewhere else. Get lost.

ELVIRA
Frank, he was only...

TONY (ignoring her)
Maybe I don't hear so good sometimes hermano

LOPEZ
You won't be hearing anything you go on like this

TONY
You gonna stop me?

FRANK is livid.

LOPEZ
You're fucking right I am. I'm giving you orders. Blow.

THE BODYGUARD moves closer to TONY who doesn't move.

MANNY suddenly slides into frame, backing TONY.

TONY (icy)
Orders? There's only one thing that gives and gets, gusano -- balls.

Pause. Something's about to pop but turns back just at the crest. LOPEZ abruptly turns away.

LOPEZ (to ELVIRA)
Let's go!

ELVIRA
Frank, this is ridiculous...

LOPEZ
C'mon!

He crowds her. Angry, she goes. TONY watches as they exit the Club.

MANNY
What happened?

TONY
That cocksucker! -- he put that homicide prick Bernstein on me.

They stroll back to the table.

MANNY
What for?

TONY
The Emilio Rebenga hit. Remember that.

MANNY
You're kidding!

TONY
Who else knew about it? Omar's fertilizer ain't he? Lopez is letting me know he's got weight on me.

MANNY
I don't know, things don't look so good here Tony. Maybe we should get outta town for a while, y'know, go up to New York?

TONY
You go. I like the weather here just fine.

He stops, his eyes darting to pick out GINA laughing as she follows BURGUNDY SUIT out of the main room and down the stairs to the toilets.

Without hesitation, his irritation starting to peak now, TONY darts after her.

MANNY
Hey, where you going?

He doesn't answer.

CUT TO:

TONY comes down the plush velvet STAIRS, flings himself into the LADIES ROOM...the LADIES, surprised, look back at him. No Gina.

He moves over to the MEN'S ROOM, throws the door open. There are four legs visible in one of the stalls. TONY moves past TWO MEN washing up, and hurls himself against the door.

It crashes open on GINA in the act of snorting coke with BURGUNDY SUIT running his hands along her ass and kissing her on the neck.

GINA (shocked)
Tony!

TONY
What are you doing! What are you doing!

He grabs BURGUNDY SUIT by the collar and whips him several times into the wall.

GINA (trying to restrain him)
Tony! What're you doing! You're crazy!

He rips the coke out of her hands and scatters it across the tiles.

TONY (to GINA)
What are you doing with this shit hunh?
(back to BURGUNDY SUIT)
Get the hell out of here maricon, I'll kill you the next fucking time.

GINA
Fernando!

TONY (to GINA)
Shaddup!

MANNY runs in, SEVERAL OTHERS now looking in from the hall.

MANNY
Tony!

TONY shoves BURGUNDY SUIT out of the stall, past MANNY.

TONY
Go on!

GINA
What the hell is...

TONY
You think it's cute somebody puttin' their hands all over your ass, my kid sister hunh? In a toilet!

GINA
It's none of your business!

TONY
The fuck it isn't! Three dollar hooker, that's what you are. Snorting shit like that at your age, you oughta -

GINA
What are you -- a priest? A cop! Look at your life. You can't tell me what to do!

TONY
I'm telling ya! I don't wanna see you in here again. I catch you in here I'm gonna beat the shit outta you.

GINA
Oh yeah! Go ahead!

TONY
You're getting outta here right now! Don't push me, baby, don't push me!

GINA
Don't fucking push me!

MANNY
Okay, c'mon, let's go outside get some air...

The argument has moved across the BATHROOM to the lip of the HALLWAY. SEVERAL MORE PEOPLE are watching.

GINA
You got a nerve, Tony, you got a nerve! You can't tell me what to do. I'll do what I want to do. I'll go out with who I want and if I want to fuck them then I'll fuck them!

TONY, raging, smacks her across the face. She reels back into the toilet.

The CROWD is silent. TONY stands there, abated.

MANNY moves across the floor and kneels down, consoles GINA who is sobbing.

MANNY (tender)
Hey come on baby, it's okay...it's okay
(strokes her face)

TONY (disturbed, to MANNY)
Get her home, get her outta here!

He turns and bulldozes his way through the growing CROWD, no regrets, but disturbed.

MANNY helps GINA to her feet.

MANNY
Come on, pussycat, I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

TONY, isolated and edgy, reenters the MAIN ROOM, circling the edges of the crowd, up to the BAR.

TONY (to the BARTENDRESS, pointing)
Gimme a double of that!

He turns, catches a last glimpse of GINA leaving with MANNY.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

MANNY drives GINA home in the red jaguar. She's still angry.

GINA
...He's got a nerve the way he acts! He's an animal. Mama's right. She says he hurts everything he touches. Well he's not gonna hurt me anymore. He'll never see me again. Never!

MANNY
He loves you, what do you want. He feels he raised you.

GINA
He still thinks I'm 15. He's been in jail 5 years and he still thinks I'm 15!

MANNY
Hey you're the best thing he's got. The only thing. He don't want you to grow up to be like him. So he's got this father thing for you, protect you...

GINA
Against what?

MANNY
'Gainst assholes like the jerk in the red suit.

GINA
I like Fernando, he's a fun guy and he's nice, he knows how to treat a woman

MANNY (a face)
What future's he got? On a bandstand somewhere? He's a bum. Why don't you go out with somebody who's going somewhere.

She gives him a peculiar, almost coy look.

GINA
Like who?

MANNY
Like a doctor or a lawyer or a dentist or something

GINA
What about you? Why don't you take me out?

She's looking straight at him.

MANNY
What? Me?

GINA
Yeah, you. I see the way you look at me, Manolo Ray.

MANNY (nervous)
Hey Tony's like my brother. You're his kid sister okay?

GINA
So what?

MANNY
So...

GINA
You afraid of Tony? You afraid of Tony's kid sister?
(a taunting, sexual allure to her)

MANNY
Fuck no...

Pulls the car over to the curb.

MANNY
I guess we're here.

Pause.

GINA
You think about it okay, you think about it real hard, Manny. Cause you don't know what you're missing...

She leans across the front seat and lightly lays a challenging kiss on his cheek. The ladykiller is rigid in his terror.

She gets out of the car, crosses in front of his headlights, towards the house, looking at him.

He watches.

CUT BACK TO:

INTERIOR - MUTINY CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

The OWNER appears at the mike, the MUSIC drifting to Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night."

OWNER
Allright you coneheads, another exciting evening at the Mutiny hunh? Now I want you to check out this next hombre. I found him stoned in the jungle and there's nothing you'll ever see like him. I present with great pride, from Caracas, Venezuela -- "Octavio!"

LIGHTS dimming to the bluesy rhythm of the Sinatra SONG as sad-eyed OCTAVIO suddenly appears in the shifting spotlight, drawing immediate laughter.

He is dressed as an enormously fat old man with a Quasimodo mask covering both the front and back of his head and neck. With a red bulb for a nose, he gyrates grotesquely to the sleek song; once the mood of laughter has been established, the MUSIC suddenly shifts upbeat to "Saturday Night Fever" and the CLOWN, like a butterfly from a worm, starts shedding the stuffing from his clothes, his big eyes staring out at us in theatrical melancholy.

TONY watches, sitting alone, distracted by the CLOWN.

More laughter, more clothes coming off, building a tempo. When the head mask comes off, we see the gaunt handsome face of a YOUNG CLOWN in white paint with the large blackened eyes staring without expression at the laughing audience.

TONY is hooked by the image, looks on.

The CLOWN is down to his leotards, thin as a stick, and pulling the GIRLS out onto the floor to dance with him, bouncing around like yoyos. Everybody is laughing, everybody is merry...

...except TONY and the CLOWN, weaving in and out of the sharpening spotlight in his white face as the act comes to its close, a haunting figure of mockery...

TONY, absorbed by his thoughts, is lucky this time. His antenna warn him. Out of the side of his eye, he sees...

The TWO HITTERS moving on him.

He sprawls. MACHINE GUN FIRE rips through the upholstery, smashing the mirrors...

SCREAMS, CROWD diving for cover...

TONY, hit in the shoulder, rolls, gets his Baretta out of his ankle, firing...

Hits one of the GUNMEN in the chest; the man staggers across the disco floor firing volleys into the mirrors and ceilings...

TONY moving under the tables, towards the door, firing...

The SECOND HITTER is pinned, firing back, breaking more mirrors, and more SCREAMING.

TONY lets the GUNMAN have another burst, then runs out the door, his clothes ripped with blood and glass.

The clown "OCTAVIO," lies dead on the silent DANCE FLOOR.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR MUTINY CLUB - NIGHT

TONY runs out, crouched, to his RED JAGUAR.

Exchanging SHOTS with a THIRD HITTER across the PARKING LOT.

TONY gets into his JAGUAR, and reaches under his seat, gets a hold of his own INGRAM MACHINE PISTOL and cocks it.

The SECOND HITTER runs out the MUTINY CLUB and dives for cover just as the RED JAGUAR narrowly misses him, TONY gunning out the gate...

STREETS OF MIAMI - NIGHT

TONY, driving full out, looks in the rear window.

Sees a reinforced, souped up FORD VAN coming after him. The SECOND HITTER leans out the van, firing...

The BULLETS reverberate along the armor plating of the Jaguar, then...

Blast out the windshield. TONY almost careens onto the sidewalk, barely maintaining control.

The TWO VEHICLES, now abreast, scream crazily around a CORNER, smashing into each other's fenders and sides with sounds of dinosauric metal, the VAN gradually reducing the JAGUAR and TONY inside to a pulp.

ONCOMING CARS dive out of the way.

TONY, in pain and bleeding but struggling to control his wheel, sees...

The THIRD HITTER getting a field of fire on TONY from a porthole in the side of the van.

TONY slams down on a button. The bulletproof BLACKOUT SHUTTERS whap across the incoming window and the bullets whine unseen against the shutters.

TONY rams his wrecked JAG into the aggressor VAN once more, temporarily jolting the HITTERS.

TONY hits the button. The blackout SHUTTERS whirr partially open, and getting the INGRAM up across his arm, TONY opens fire, spraying the field with lateral fire.

In the VAN, from TONY'S POV, we see the DRIVER'S head explode like a watermelon -- and that's it. The VAN goes berserk, taking the HITTERS with it, dancing up on the sidewalk and flipping over into a DEPARTMENT STORE window.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SAFE HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

TONY, aching from his shoulder wound and attended to by a young MED STUDENT, grabs the phone receiver from NICK THE PIG. Lurking in the background at the cardtable, loading Ingram clips are CHI-CHI and WALDO (previously seen accomplicing Omar).

TONY (impatient)
Miriam? Yeah...Tony. Is Manny there?

INTERIOR MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MIRIAM'S a tough looking little chick in panties and tank top with "Cocaine" written on it.

MIRIAM
Wait a minute...It's Tony

MANNY, in bed, is snorting a line of coke off a mirror, takes the phone.

MANNY
Tony cono, how'd you know I was here?

TONY
Look, get your fuckin' clothes on and meet me outside Lopez's office in 45 minutes. That phone booth on 9th. Move your ass!

MANNY
What happened!

TONY (OVER)
Nothing we can't fix.

TONY hangs up.

MANNY (grabs his pants)
I gotta go.

MIRIAM
This is worse than fucking a grasshopper man.

MANNY
Hey I'm better looking.
(hits the coke again)
Don't do it all, I'll be back later.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

TONY ignores the MED STUDENT taping him, checking his watch, to NICK.

TONY
Nick, when we get there, call that fuck. Figger 2:10. That's ten minutes past two, you got that?

NICK
Yeah, don't worry Tony. I got it.

TONY (making sure)
All you say is you're one of the guys at the Club -- "Hello Mr. Lopez, there was a fuckup, he got away..."

NICK
Yeah, Tony, I got it, no problem...

CUT TO:

LOPEZ MOTORS - NIGHT

WALDO remains outside, covering the street as TONY, MANNY and CHI-CHI move gingerly along the darkened SHOWROOM... LOPEZ'S VOICE on the phone through the half-opened OFFICE DOOR.

LOPEZ VOICE
...you're kidding! 3 to 2? Son of a bitch!...
(cradling the phone)
Guess what. My softball team, y'know, the Little Lopezers? They won the Division today. We're going to Sarasota for the State Championship...Hunh!

MUFFLED VOICE
Congratulations. That's great Frank.

TONY, MANNY and CHI-CHI slide into the room, the latter two with guns casually drawn.

TONY
Yeah, it sure is Frank. What'd you do -- fix the umpire?

LOPEZ, his nose in a glass of scotch, almost muffs it right there and then, but manages to recover.

LOPEZ
Tony...? Uh, I'll call you back...yeah.

Hangs the phone up and rocks forward at his desk.

Lopez's BODYGUARD, ERNIE, gets the message from CHI-CHI sliding along the wall next to him, MANNY covering the other side of the room.

LOPEZ
Tony...what happened to you hunh?

TONY
Yeah, lookit. They spoiled one of my $800 suits.

LOPEZ
Jesus! Who?

TONY, in his ripped suit, shoulder in a sling, face cut, shifts his eyes with CAMERA slowly onto MEL BERNSTEIN sitting there with a bourbon on the rocks, his two hundred and sixty pounds bulging with irritated surprise.

TONY
Hitters. Somebody musta broght them in. Never seen 'em before...Hiya Mel. Is there an answer to this too?

BERNSTEIN (uneasy)
Always is Montana, always is...

LOPEZ
Jesus Tony maybe it was the Diaz Brothers, they got a beef going back to the "Castaways" thing.

TONY
Hey you might be right.

LOPEZ
Anyway I'm glad you made it Tony, we'll return the favor for you. In spades.

TONY (sits at the edge of LOPEZ'S desk)
Nah, I'm gonna take care of this myself.

Pause.

LOPEZ (awkward)
Well... What are the guns for Tony?

TONY (shrugs)
What for? I'm paranoid I guess.

The PHONE RINGS.

LOPEZ lets the phone ring.

TONY
Why don't you answer it Frank?

LOPEZ
Uh...Must be Elvira. You know women. After we left that place uh...

The PHONE RINGS again.

TONY (reaches for it)
I'll tell her you're not here

LOPEZ (grabs the phone first)
Wait a minute! I'll talk to her...Hello?... (anxious)
Yeah...allright honey, don't worry...I'll be home in an hour

He hangs up. Pause.

TONY
Frank, you're a piece of shit

LOPEZ
Whatcha talking about Tony?

TONY, angry now, grabs LOPEZ by the shirt and hauls him forward across his desk so his gut lies flat across it.

TONY
You know what I'm talking about you fuckin' cockroach!

LOPEZ
Tony, No! Lissen!

TONY
You remember what a "haza" is Frank? It's a pig that don't fly straight. Neither do you Frank.

LOPEZ
Why would I hurt you Tony, I brought you in! I gave you your start, you're my brother, I believed in you!

TONY
Yeah and I stayed loyal to you Frank. I made what I could on the side but I never turned you Frank, never -- but you -- a man ain't got no word, he's a cockroach!

He squashes an imaginary cockroach right in front of FRANK'S eyes, then pulls him further across the desk, flailing.

LOPEZ
Mel! Mel! Do something, please!

MEL sits there impassively.

MEL
It's your bed Frank, you lie on it.

LOPEZ
Please Tony okay allright! Gimme a second chance! Ten million. I'll give you ten million dollars right now! I got it in a vault. In Spain. We'll get on a plane. It's yours, all of it...Elvira? You want Elvira? She's yours okay! I go way Tony, I'll disappear, you'll never hear from me again. Just gimme a chance, gimme a second chance Tony, please...please!

He sobs pathetically like blubbered fish.

LOPEZ
I don't wanna die Tony, I never did nothing to nobody Tony! I never hurt nobody! Me... Frank Lopez?

TONY
Yeah you're right Frank, you always had somebody else do it for you.

He turns to MANNY.

TONY
Manny, you mind shooting this piece of shit for me?

MANNY
Nah

TONY steps aside.

LOPEZ
No! No!

MANNY shoots him with the silencer. Three times.

LOPEZ crashes backwards, draped over his desk like Marat in his bathtub, amid his patriot flag and his Kennedy photographs.

TONY
Every dog has his day.

He fixes his eyes on MEL BERNSTEIN, the corpse of LOPEZ in foreground.

BERNSTEIN
(remaining calmly in his chair)
I told him it didn't make sense -- clipping you when he coulda had you working for us instead. But he got hot, y'know, about the broad. He fucked up.

TONY
Yeah so did you Bernstein

His eyes...BERNSTEIN, reading them, gets worried.

BERNSTEIN
Now wait a minute Montana, don't go too far.

TONY
I'm not Mel. You are.

He produces his Baretta from his sling and holds it in his left hand pointed at the big man.

BERNSTEIN (rising from his chair)
Hey c'mon, what is this? You can't shoot a cop Tony.

TONY
Who said you were one?

He FIRES.

BERNSTEIN takes it in the gut, hits the floor, looks up astonished.

BERNSTEIN
...lemme go Tony, I can fix things up...

TONY
Sure you can chico. Maybe you can hondle one of them first-class tickets -- to the Resurrection. So long, Mel, have a good trip.

FIRES several times into him until we can imagine he is no longer of the living. TONY turns towards the door.

MANNY (indicating the BODYGUARD)
What about him?

TONY notices.

The BODYGUARD, ERNIE, the middle-aged Cuban, waits stoically.

TONY (reverting to Spanish)
You want a job Ernie?

ERNIE
Sure Tony

TONY
Come see me tomorrow.

ERNIE
Thanks Tony

TONY walks out alone into the darkened SHOWROOM, past the hulks of the used Cadillacs, as we see the shadows of MANNY and CHI-CHI moving in a stream of light.

MANNY (OFF)
Okay, torch it!

CUT TO:

LOPEZ CONDO - THAT NIGHT

ELVIRA lies in her silk sheets. The DOORBELL rings. She gets up.

In a nightgown, she opens the FRONT DOOR.

ELVIRA
Tony?...

TONY, still in his ruined suit with the arm in a sling, moves past her into the apartment.

ELVIRA
What's happened?

TONY just stands there.

ELVIRA
Where's Frank?

TONY
Where do you think?...Why don't you go pack your stuff. We're going home.

Pause. She understands and quietly moves past him, towards the bedroom.

TONY ambles over to the windows and steps out on the TERRACE, breathing in the air. The lights of MIAMI wink at his feet...

...the CAMERA moving to one sign down there that says it all, flashing its big neon bracelet -

THE WORLD IS YOURS

PAN AMERICAN. TO EUROPE, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - PASSING TIME

We SPIN MULTI-SCREEN IMAGES to triumphant MUSIC.

HANDS counting money.

HANDS sealing cocaine bags...quaaludes...marijuana.

SUAREZ on the phone in Bolivia.

THREE INDIANS drive up to a JUNGLE AIRSTRIP (COLOMBIA), their pink Cadillac bouncing over the ruts.

TONY, with MANNY, bargains with them at an outdoor card table laden with whiskey bottles, guns, and 50-caliber machine gun barrels over which the THREE INDIANS, in their rumpled, ruined double-breasted European suits, smoke cigars and negotiate like wild men, wheeling their arms as TONY looks impatiently at his watch. In Background, a horde of INDIANS are moving the bales of marijuana onto an old B-26, supervised by SOLDIERS in ill-defined uniforms.

TONY -- with MANNY and ERNIE -- exiting the MONTANA REALTY CO. in LITTLE HAVANA.

TONY -- with MANNY and ERNIE -- entering the MONTANA DIAMOND TRADING CO. in LITTLE HAVANA.

GASPAR, one of the original Marielito Gang, is ambushed and blown up in his CAR.

ANOTHER MARIELITO is led off in handcuffs by the COPS.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ("Raid Nets $100 Million Cocaine Stash!") ...TIME MAGAZINE COVERS...NEWSCASTERS ON TV ("135 drug-related homicides so far this year")

FACES flashing by: MANNY, NICK THE PIG, MAMA, GINA, CHI-CHI, ELVIRA...

HANDS stripping false bottoms from suitcases.

GINA, with TONY and MANNY and ELVIRA looking on, cuts the ribbon for the new GINA BEAUTY SALONS somewhere in LITTLE HAVANA. She looks towards her brother, then her eyes linger on MANNY. He suppresses his smile, winks at her.

...And ANOTHER MARIELITO, HERNANDO, lies dead in a gutter.

As TONY and ELVIRA berth their new 70-foot boat, the "Elvira," in some swank MARINA...

And ANOTHER MARIELITO, WALDO ROJAS, is sprawled dead over a video machine in an AMUSEMENT ARCADE.

...And yet ANOTHER MARIELITO, unrecognizably bloated, floats in from the OCEAN onto the lush white surf of MIAMI BEACH.

...and the MORGUE piles up with rows of cold corpses, their tagged toes sticking out from under the white sheets like used cars.

...and the beat goes on.

CUT TO:

TONY'S MANSION - MORNING

In an exclusive area of CORAL GABLES, surrounded by security gates, acres of lawns and a boat dock on a canal, Tony has erected his Shangri-La, to which he has -- with a sense of humor -- added a large NEON SIGN on the front lawn that says:

THE WORLD IS YOURS

MONTANA TRAVEL CO.

Just like it should be.

...As the ORGAN MUSIC plays and TONY and ELVIRA, in wedding clothes, come down the gauntlet of FRIENDS on the lawn to their marriage vows. Over this the triumphant montage MUSIC rises to its full glory.

MAMA wears her customary expression of suspicion and hostility as her eyes move down the beggar's banquet of GANG MEMBERS and ROGUES.

GINA, next to her, is moved, her eyes secretly tracking to MANNY who gazes back at her, evenly and openly, their eyes telling all as...

TONY and ELVIRA, just married by the MONSIGNOR, kiss.

CUT TO:

GROUNDS - LATER SAME DAY

TONY, in groom's clothes, his arm around his BRIDE, nuzzling her, is showing his MAMA his new hobby, pointing with genuine pleasure to the wire cages with trees inside; the MANSION is in the background, the WEDDING PARTY in progress. We hear MUSIC wafting down from the speakers. NICK and CHI-CHI accompany the boss drinking champagne.

TONY
...those are what you call "gibbons." I got a friend in Bolivia sends them to me.

They dangle from tree limbs, long armed, blonde, small cute faces staring back at us and chattering.

TONY (feeding them hors d'oeuvres)
...that red-chested one there, he's a tamarin, and that little sunufabitch, Rocky -- he's a marmoset. I'm breeding 'em.

MAMA
Oh yeah? They must be worth a lot. What do they have -- cocaine in their bloodstreams?

ELVIRA casts her a glance, then ignores the comment.

TONY
Hey I don't sell'em Mama, I just breed'em for fun y'know...
(walking on)

CHI-CHI (at the monkey cage)
He looks like you Nick.

NICK (next to him)
Fuck you!

CHI-CHI
Shhh!

Stiffening as he catches MAMA'S stern glance going by.

TONY
Over here's my flamingo collection...

Passing an aritifical WATERFALL over a POND filled with water lillies and stately pink and white BIRDS promenading themselves.

INTERCUT TO:

Behind some nearby bushes, GINA and MANNY are kissing wildly in the grass.

GINA
Oh God!

Hotter and hotter, oblivious, trying to rip MANNY'S clothes off. He suddenly freezes.

TONY'S VOICE
...Wait'll you see this, my piece de resistance.

MANNY (whispering, panicked, to GINA)
Shhh!

Shakes his head urgently, GINA slows her temp, realizes.

MAMA'S VOICE (carrying)
Oh Tony!

BACK TO:

Even MAMA is impressed. TONY beams.

Across a MOAT of water, a striped 9 foot BENGAL TIGER stretches majestically under a solitary banyan tree, extending a giant paw and licking himself.

TONY
Yeah pure Bengal Tiger, Mama.

His eyes drifting, holding the animal in a special place in his heart.

TONY
He's a King.

ELVIRA (to MAMA)
Isn't he beautiful Dolores?

MAMA
He's big

NICK (coming up and staring)
Big? He's huge!

TONY
Yeah...and he's scared of nothin'

MAMA
What are you going to do with a tiger Tony?

TONY (laughs)
He's gonna eat my enemies...
(nuzzles with ELVIRA)
Hey Nick, throw him the cake willya

NICK pulls a piece of wedding cake from a package he's carrying. Throws it across the moat.

INTERCUT TO:

GINA and MANNY quietly listening, not moving.

NICK'S VOICE
He ain't hungry boss

TONY'S VOICE
Maybe he's never seen a wedding before

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
Let's throw Nick in boss, I betcha it likes him better'n the cake

Laughter.

TONY'S VOICE (trailing off)
That wouldn't work. Nick'd eat the tiger
(more laughter)
Some wedding day hunh?

GINA and MANNY, kneeling across from each other in the grass, think the same thought.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR MIAMI BANK - BRICKELL AVENUE - DAY

CAMERA moves from the inscription saying "Banco Sud di Miami" to a LONG SHOT of NICK THE PIG and CHI-CHI unloading duffel bags from the back of a VOLKSWAGEN VAN in the PARKING LOT. TONY and MANNY supervise.

The FOUR of them move towards the bank like a column of ants carrying the sugar, NICK and CHI-CHI bent under the weight of the bags on their backs.

INTERIOR BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

In an opulent, leather-lined office, TONY and MANNY confront the young (in his thirties) BANK PRESIDENT, hair coiffed, slickly dressed, the eyes scooting shrewdly back and forth, the type of guy who follows the Hong Kong money markets on weekends, a guy who never stops thinking money.

TONY (sitting across from his desk)
...yeah well I can't pay that no more Jack, I'm gonna be bringin' in more'n I ever brung in y'know. I'm talking maybe 10 mill a month now, that's serious money. I think it's time you bank boys came down a bit, y'know, like...

BANKER
Hey Tony, c'mon, that's crazy, can't do...

TONY
That's too bad cause...

BANKER
Tony, sweetheart, this is not a wholesale store here, it's a bank. The more you give us the harder it is to wash y'know. The fact is we can't even take anymore of your money 'less we raise the rate.

TONY
You gonna what? What are you nuts?

BANKER
Tony, Tony, I gotta. The IRS is coming down heavy on South Florida, y'know; that Time Magazine Cover didn't help any. I gotta do it Tony, I got stockholders, I gotta go 10% on the first $12 million; that's in dencminations of 20. I'll go 8% on 10s, 6 points on 5s.

TONY
10 points! Suck my cock motherfucker!

MANNY
Hey Tony we can always go someplace else

BANKER
It's not a conspiracy guys, we're all doing it. You're not gonna do any better than us babe.

TONY
Then fuck you! I'll fly it to the Bahamas.

BANKER
You gonna fly it yourself Tony -- on a regular basis? Once maybe. And then what? You gonna trust some monkey in the Bahamian cabinet with 20 million of your hard-earned greenbacks?...C'mon Tony, don't be a schmuck -- who else can you trust? That's why you pay us what you do -- you trust us.

TONY looks broodingly. The BANKER glances at his watch, suggesting he has another meeting. He stands.

BANKER
Stay with us Tony, you're an old and well-liked customer. You're in good hands here ...Gentlemen, I gotta run.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR TONY'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on TELEVISION COMMERCIAL. It's the John Houseman spot for Smith, Barney Investment Brokers. He's in a college lecture hall, books under his arm, a brontosaur in tweeds closing on the camera for the finale:

HOUSEMAN (TV COMMERCIAL)
"...they make money the old-fashioned way...
(pause)
...They earn it."

CAMERA pulling back to reveal TONY watching in his huge gold-leaf bathtub, a cigar clenched between his teeth. He looks like a character in a Futzie Nutzie loafing cartoon, with his TV hooked to one side of the tub, a long phone line to the other, and a radio and portable bar all within reach.

TONY
Ten percent! What kinda jerk do they think I am? I remember when we used to knock these banks over 'stead of taking this shit from 'em. That was fun then...

MANNY sits near the edge of the tub on a stool watching the television NEWS that was interrupted by the Houseman commercial. Behind him, ELVIRA'S fixing herself up in front of a mirror in her robe. It's a huge BATHROOM. There's a chandelier hanging in the middle of it, rugs, Italian marble, plants, mirrors...

MANNY
They're smart -- they got all the angles figgered. You steal it you gotta pay to put it back in.

TONY
You know what capitalism is -- Getting Fucked.

ELVIRA
A true capitalist if I ever I met one.

She's doing a toot of coke off a flat mirror.

TONY (annoyed)
What do you know, bubblehead? Don't you ever do nothing 'sides get your hair fixed and powder your nose? You do too much of that shit anyway.

ELVIRA
Nothing exceeds like excess. You should know, Tony.

TONY
Know what?

MANNY
So why don't we talk to this Jew Seidelbaum? He's got his own exchange, he says 4% tops -- and he's connected.

TONY
I don't know. Mob guys -- Guineas -- I don't trust 'em.

TONY, like his hero Bogart, has begun seeing things through a glass darkly. He points to the TV.

TONY
Hey, there's Keyes. Good lookin' fucker ain't he?

TV ANCHORMAN
U.S. Attorney Richardson Keyes had this to say...

VISUAL of a tall, patrician U.S. ATTORNEY in his office, in in the New England tones of JFK.

U.S. ATTORNEY KEYES
...the problem can only be solved the way Prohibition was. Not any longer by outlawing the substances but by legalizing and taxing them. That'll drive out the organized crime element; otherwise, it's like having our finger in the dyke down here in Sothern Florida, we can't put a dent in a $100 billion a year business, not with our budget...

TONY
(responding to the TV, passionate)
You're right chico but it'll never happen. Cause it's your bankers and your politicians, they'll never let it happen. They'll fuck anything and anybody for a buck!

ELVIRA
Can't you stop talking about it all the time, can't you stop saying fuck!-- it's boring, it's boring!

TONY
What's boring.

ELVIRA
You're boring. Money, money, money! You know what you've become Tony -- an arriviste

CONTINUED

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
immigrant spic millionaire who can't stop talking about how much money he's got or how he's getting fucked. Why don't you just dig a hole in the garden, bury it and forget about it.

TONY
What're you talking about, I worked my ass for all this.
(indicates the bathroom)

ELVIRA (she starts out)
It's too bad. Somebody should have given it to you. You would've made a nicer person.

TONY
You know what your problem is Elvira...

ELVIRA (at the lip of the bathroom)
What is my problem?

TONY
...you got nothing to do with your life that's what.

MANNY
Tony, c'mon...

TONY
Why don't you get a job y'know? Be a nurse, work with blind kids, lepers, open a stationery store, I don't care, anything's better than lying around waiting for me to fuck you all the time.

ELVIRA (stung)
Don't boast about it Tony, you're not that good.

TONY
What, you miss Frank Lopez already...

ELVIRA (quietly)
You're an asshole.

She goes.

TONY (calling after her, guilty)
Hey c'mon, Elvie, whatta we fighting for, this is dumb!

He spashes the water in his tub and slams the TV shut.

MANNY (watching)
I guess married life's not all that it's cracked up to be, hunh chico?

A friendly smile but TONY just stares glumly after ELVIRA.

MANNY
Hey Tony I think we should seriously look into this thing with Seidelbaum. It feels good to me.

TONY (absently)
All right, check it out.

MANNY
Okay...

CUT TO:

TONY'S MANSION - DAY

NICK THE PIG'S on the phone worried.

NICK
...fuckit Manny I was playing with it y'know, I gotten to like the fucking thing and it flies out the fucking cage, how am I supposed to know the fucking Malayan sun bear's gonna eat it for lunch?

In background, a busted birdcage on the parquet, a chair tipped over.

INTERCUT TO:

CONDO - DAY

MANNY
Hey Nick, what the fuck you want me to do about it?

MANNY'S with ANOTHER LADYFRIEND, both stripped down.

NICK (OVER)
Tony's gonna kill me, Manny, that's a $10,000 bird!

BACK TO NICK

NICK
...What am I gonna tell him!

MANNY (OVER)
Goddamit Nick, take the feathers and throw

CONTINUED

MANNY (OVER Cont'd)
them back in the cage and tell him the bear got into the cage.

Pause. The CAMERA is moving down the TLEEPHONE CORD to the RECEIVER.

CUT TO:

THE TAP - TRAILER - SIMULTANEOUS

The CAMERA moves along the TAPE SPOOLS to the TWO NARKS listening quite seriously for hidden meanings.

NICK'S VOICE (after a thoughtful pause)
...I can't man, the fucking bear ate all the feathers too.

MANNY'S VOICE
Ah fuck it! Tell him the bird flew out the fucking window!

Hangs up. Pause.

NICK'S VOICE
Fuck....

Hangs up. The TAPES click shut as the TWO WIRETAPPERS look at each other seriously.

NARK 1
Something's gone wrong. Make a note on it.

CUT TO:

STREETS - CORAL GABLES - LATE AFTERNOON

TONY'S at the wheel of a new WHITE CORNICHE (the Red Jaguar having been shot to shreds in Lopez's attempt on Tony's life), with MANNY in the passenger seat, returning to his Mansion. The AREA is lush with gardens, Spanish moss, cypresses, and quietly respectable houses with their Spanish tiles and balconies nestled behind imposing gates.

TONY (disturbed)
...you sweep the house? The cars?

MANNY
Yeah! I told you I did. Last month. Five thousand it set us back.

TONY
Don't worry about it. What about Seidelbaum?

MANNY
He's set. Next Thursday 10 o'clock. We're doing a million and some change. I'll take Nick.

TONY
I'll handle it. You go up to Atlanta for me, handle the Gomez delivery up there.

MANNY
Why?

TONY
Cause you're a lousy negotiator that's why. See that cable truck?

They're making a turn and a TV CABLE TRUCK comes into view, parked at the curb down the street from TONY'S MANSION. There are several other PRIVATE GATES on the street as well.

MANNY
Yeah?

TONY (easing the car to a crawl, staring at it)
Hey Manny when does it take three days to rig a cable system hunh?

MANNY
Cops?

TONY
What if it's the Diaz brothers, hunh. Maybe they're plannin' on rippin' us off.

MANNY
I'll check it out.

TONY
You check it out, then we're gonna blow that fuckin' truck back to Bogota.

MANNY
We're not the only dopers living on the block, y'know.

TONY
Hey I thought I put you in charge of Security!

MANNY
Hey I'll check it out! I'm just telling you we're spending too much on this counter-surveillance shit. 12%!...12% of our adjusted gross, that's not peanuts Tony.

They're now at their FRONT GATE being electronically surveyed by their wall CAMERA; as the GATE starts to slide open and a GUARD appears.

TONY (noticing something in his rear mirror)
There's that fat guy again.

MANNY looks back at a JOGGER running towards them, down the block -- on the fat side, civilian-looking, fifties.

TONY (OVER)
I seen him jogging around. Every day, 'bout a week now.

MANNY
So the guy jogs around the neighborhood. He's some fat accountant.

The GATE is open, but TONY hangs there.

TONY
How the fuck do you know what he is?

MANNY
Hey if he's a cop, don't you think running in circles around a house is a pretty dumb way to watch it.

TONY
Maybe not...

He guns the CORNICHE through the gate, churning the gravel.

TONY
I'm telling you we're getting sloppy -- our thinking...our attitude. We're not fucking <u>hungry</u> anymore!

As the WHITE CORNICHE zooms down millionaire alley towards the gigantic MANSION, the CAMERA might dwell for a moment on the DECAL with the American flag on the logo, seen once before "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring tha flag?"

CUT TO:

<u>EXTERIOR WAREHOUSE - ALONGSIDE MIAMI FREEWAY - DAY</u>

TONY and NICK THE PIG get out of a VAN, frowning in the glary sunlight. From the continual SOUND of jet aircraft taking off and landing we might sense we're near an airport.

As NICK hauls a duffel bag on his back, TONY, carrying a suitcase of his own, reads the SIGN on top of the warehouse: "CONSOLIDATED CARRIERS INC."

INTERIOR SEIDELBAUM OFFICE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The office is bare and ugly, the furniture naugehyde black. There's NOISE from an OUTER OFFICE, and PEOPLE on phones, moving, talking.

TONY and NICK sit on a couch stacking twenty dollar bills from the duffel bag and suitcase onto a coffee table.

TWO MEN in casual sports clothing sit opposite them in chairs, one of them - SEIDELBAUM - squaring the bills and passing them efficiently through a MONEY-COUNTING MACHINE which CLICKS at rhythmic intervals throughout the scene. Seidelbaum's a small, fat 7th Avenue type with a lot of rings on his fingers and sharp, porky eyes.

The other guy - LUIS - a dark Colombian type, is long, lean and smooth with aquiline nose and dancing eyes. He drinks coffee, smiles a lot and bullshits -- two sordid guys who look the part.

It's a tedious process counting a million five in twenties, it takes four/five hours; and throughout the desultory dialogue TONY, absorbed by the money, and NICK never stop the monotonous work of counting and stacking and noting the amounts. At all times all four men, thoroughly aware of the large stacks on the table, move and talk gingerly although they appear casual and bored. They drink a lot of coffee.

LUIS
...yeah back then I worked in pictures down in Colombia. I was in that picture "Burn," y'ever see it?...with Marlon Brando. We're good friends. I was his driver...

NICK (stacking)
Oh yeah?

LUIS
Yeah, in Cartagena, they shot it there... Gillo Pontecorvo, he was the director. Italian guy.
(pause)
Yeah, I also know Paul Newman. I worked with him in Tucson.

NICK THE PIG
That so? Say, you know Benny Alvarez there?

LUIS
Uh...

SEIDELBAUM (interrupting, to TONY)
Now you want a company check here for $283,107.65?

TONY (pause, checking his figures)
Uh...I come up with 284.6

SEIDELBAUM (pauses, looks again at his figures)
No, that's just not possible. The machine don't lie.

TONY
Well, we'll count it again

SEIDELBAUM
Oh jesus!

TONY
Hey business is business. We're talking $1500.

SEIDELBAUM (exasperated)
Okay, you keep the change okay, I don't give a shit

TONY
Okay but I'll go through it again with you

SEIDELBAUM ignores it, counting up another stack.

SEIDELBAUM
Okay...This check now, this one goes to the...

TONY
Montana Realty Company.

NICK (to LUIS)
How come you don't know Benny Alvarez?

DISSOLVE TO:

They're drinking another round of coffee, exhausted, smoke filling the room. The table now resembles a Mount Everest of green and they're still counting. The money, like discarded food, is spread all over the place -- in boxes, brown paper bags, on the couch. They stretch, rub their eyes.

SEIDELBAUM
We're up to what?

LUIS (consulting his notes)
Seven checks. A million three-hundred twenty-five and sixhundredtwentythree... plus 18 cents.

TONY (grins)
Hey we're almost finished. Another 200 thou and we can take a leak.

SEIDELBAUM
Yeah but this'll do fine.

Pulls a pistol from his ankle and rises.

SEIDELBAUM
You're under arrest Montana, under the Rico Statute for a continuing criminal conspiracy. Get em up!

TONY astonished.

TONY
Oh shit.

Considering the options. Eyes dart.

SEIDELBAUM
Go ahead, do it motherfucker...it'll save me a lotta paperwork.

The little fat man's eyes are suddenly agile and mean... TONY reads them.

TONY (grinning)
You're not kidding hunh?
(lifts his arm, indicating surrender)

SEIDELBAUM
Get it.

LUIS moves towards TONY to disarm him.

TONY
How do I know you guys are cops?

LUIS, directly in front of him, produces a wallet with identification, shoves it under Tony's nose.

LUIS
What's that say, asshole?

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH and Drug Enforcement Agency I.D.

TONY (impressed)
Hey that's good work, where can I get one of those?

SEIDELBAUM (reciting)
You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can be taken against you...
(etc.)

As OTHER COPS now scramble into the room, surrounding TONY and NICK.

TONY (to NICK)
We're lucky. They <u>are</u> cops.

NICK
Hey I was supposed to meet this chick at 3. What a pain in the ass.

They're stripped of their guns.

TONY
Hey Seidelbaum I gotta right to call my lawyer.

SEIDELBAUM (approaches close)
Lotta good he's gonna do you Montana. That's an eye there in the wall.
(points)
Say hello, tweetie...

<u>REVERSE ANGLE -- ON VIDEOTAPE</u>

Blurry image of the MEN in the ROOM. TONY is not that clear an image as he glances briefly, uninterested, into the camera.

TONY
Yeah, is that what you jerk off in front of Seidelbaum?

SEIDELBAUM (to the CAMERA)
Cut it, Jack!

The ANGLE goes black.

<u>BACK TO SCENE</u>

SEIDELBAUM
You got about an hour Montana 'fore we bring the U.S. Attorney's people into this. They don't make the same kinda deals we do -- you know what I mean?

TONY (suddenly angry)
Listen you fat prick whaddayou take me for? One of your whores? I don't make deals with the cops, my word means something in this community. 'Sides you got no case, Seidelbaum, I'm here changing dollar bills and nothing's wrong with that, so book me cocksucker.

SEIDELBAUM (steps closer, icy)
Have it your way -- but this one's for free. From Mel Bernstein's buddies!

With his pistol, he cracks TONY across the face. TONY reels hurt, SEIDELBAUM going after him, continuing to beat him till he's pulled off by the OTHER COPS.

SEIDELBAUM (bananas)
You're gonna rot this time Montana, y'hear--
you're dead!...

DISSOLVING TO:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"Drug King Posts Record $5 Million Bond"...a frontpage photo of TONY, ELVIRA, and SHEFFIELD the lawyer.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR COURTROOM - DAY

TONY, along with NICK THE PIG, is being jostled by a CROWD of REPORTERS with cameras and mikes as he makes his way down the steps.

REPORTERS (various, adlib)
Tony!...Hey Tony, over here...Tony, what's it feel like shelling out 5 million dollars?

TONY
Don't worry. I'm getting it back.

REPORTERS
Hey Tony you think you got a chance?

TONY
You kidding? We'll knock 'em dead. I got the 4th Amendment in my pocket. These bums, they think they can snoop everywhere, it's like Russia heree. What's America coming to?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR TONY'S BATHROOM - DAY

TONY, tense, checks himself in the mirror, adjusts his hair, then pauses. A vial of coke appears. He snorts it, goes out. It's the first time we sense he might be using the stuff on a steady basis.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TONY is pacing nervously. MANNY looks on. Red-headed SHEFFIELD rasps through a cloud of cigarette smoke behind his desk.

SHEFFIELD
...you give me a check for 100 grand plus 300 in cash and I guarantee you walk on the conspiracy charge. But they're gonna come back at us on a tax evasion -- and they'll get it.

TONY
What am I looking at?

SHEFFIELD
5 years, maybe 3, maybe less if I can make a deal.

TONY
Three years in the can! For what! For washing money? This country's built on robbery, what the hell is -

MANNY
Hey Tony what's three years? It's not like Cuba here. It's like going to a hotel.

TONY shakes his head, grimacing like he's having an epileptic fit.

SHEFFIELD
I'll delay the trial. A year and a half, two years, you won't start doing time till '85.

TONY
No...no, they never get me back in a cage... never! Hey, George, I go another 400 grand-- I go 800,000 dollars, okay? With that you can fix the Supreme Court, hunh?

SHEFFIELD (pause)
Tony...the law has to prove "beyond a reasonable doubt." I'm an expert at raising that doubt but when you got a million three undeclared dollars staring into a videotape camera, honeybaby it's hard to convince a jury you found it in a cab.

TONY paces back and forth like a tiger, barely containing his rage. He abruptly comes to a decision and whirls around and leans across SHEFFIELD'S desk.

TONY
All right...all right. I do the three fuckin' years but lemme tell you about my Law, Sheffield. There's no "reasonable doubt." It's real simple. If you're

CONTINUED

TONY (Cont'd)
rainmaking the judge or you fuck me for the 400 grand and I come in guilty on the big rap -- you, the Judge, the Prosecutor, nothing's gonna stop me, y'hear? I'm gonna come and tear your fuckin' eyeballs out.

Pause.

SHEFFIELD (cool)
The point is made. Now where's the money?

TONY nods to MANNY who puts his briefcase up on SHEFFIELD'S desk. TONY abruptly walks out, a vial appearing in his hands as he steps out of the office. He sniffs.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR SUAREZ VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY

CAMERA follows TONY and COMPANY down the outside gallery onto the VERANDA where SUAREZ is reclining with several OTHER MEN -- all in casual clothes, enjoying their coffee after lunch.

SUAREZ (rising)
Tony...Tony.

TONY
Alex.

They hug like they were the closest of friends.

SUAREZ
I'm glad you made it on such short notice. I appreciate it. How's Elvira?

TONY
She's okay. How's your wife?

SUAREZ
Three more months.

TONY
That's great.

SUAREZ
And you, when are you going to have another Tony to take your place.

TONY (sore point)
I'm working on it.

SUAREZ
I guess you'll have to work harder, Tony.

They laugh, nervously. SUAREZ is a little more reserved with him than before -- in tune with the other MEN at the meeting.

SUAREZ
Tony, come, I want you to meet some friends of mine.

He smoothly guides TONY towards the group of MEN who rise.

SUAREZ
This is Pedro Quinn, Chairman of Tropical Sugar here...Tony Montana.

PEDRO QUINN
A pleasure Mr. Montana.

CAMERA tracking through AD LIB introductions.

SUAREZ
General Eduardo Strasser, Commander of the First Army Corps...Tony Montana.

The MAN is in civilian clothes, the MUSIC assuming a faint martial stride.

SUAREZ
Ariel Bleyer, from the Ministry of the Interior...Tony Montana

The CAMERA, moving past Suarez's black aide, the SKULL (who nailed OMAR) silent behind his sunglasses, to an AMERICAN TYPE with short hair and a Brooks Brothers suit who stands.

SUAREZ
...Charles Goodson -- from Washington

TONY
How do you do?

GOODSON
Mister Montana...

He smells like a Government guy. SUAREZ summons the BLACK AIDE -- in a hushed voice.

SUAREZ
Nicky, have Alberto come out here

The BLACK AIDE goes.

SUAREZ (solicitous)
Tony, come, please sit here.

TONY is shown a chair in the middle of the veranda, surrounded

on all sides. There is a strained beat to the proceedings. ERNIE and CHI-CHI hang around the edges.

He suddenly catches a glimpse of the sloe-eyed GABRIELLA moving with ANOTHER WOMAN past a window of the house. Then she's gone.

SUAREZ pulls up a chair right opposite TONY, almost touching knees.

SUAREZ
Tony, this is a good opportunity. I want to discuss something that concerns all of us here.

TONY
Sure Alex

SUAREZ
Tony, you have a problem; we have a problem... I think we can solve your problem and you can solve our problem.

TONY waits.

SUAREZ
We all know you have tax problems in your country -- and you may have to do a little time. But Mr. Goodson here has some friends in Washington who tell us these troubles can be taken care of...maybe you'll have to pay a fine and some back interest, but there's no time...

Pause. TONY looks. The American guy, GOODSON, shifts his gaze away, uncommunicative.

TONY
And your problem?

SUAREZ looks up.

The SHADOW (seen before at the disposal of Omar) comes out on the veranda, following the SKULL, thin and intense, his venomous-looking eyes flicking over TONY.

SUAREZ (rising, to TONY)
You've met Alberto before?...

TONY (remains seated)
Sure. How could I forget?

SUAREZ
...and Alberto, you know Tony Montana -- my partner from Florida

He nods. Remains standing adjacent them.

SUAREZ
Well...
(sits)
Our problem Tony is somebody is making a lot of noise up in the States about the way we do business down here. This person is very influential. People are starting to listen to him. This person is a Communist... Alberto here is going to help solve our problem. Alberto is an expert in the disposal business -- but he doesn't know his way around the States too well, and he needs a little help...
(pause)
Is that a problem Tony?

TONY looks around the FACES, then:

TONY
That's no problem Alex...

ALEX nods, pleased.

Hold on TONY.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A nondescript SEDAN drives down the East River Drive.

INTERIOR CITY COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The victim -- ARISTIDIO MATOS -- finishes his address to a packed house of LATIN EXILES and interested AMERICANS, mostly students. A distinguished man in his fifties with a mane of unruly hair and bushy eyebrows, he is passionately exhausted with great big baggy eyes. His WIFE, eyes radiant behind thick eyeglasses, sits on the stage alongside a band of POLITICOS. A Bolivian flag stands adjacent an American flag.

MATOS (in English)
...this ruthless oligarchy of generals and big businessmen, dedicated to growing rich and pouring their cocaine profits into their Swiss bank accounts, have declared war on the Bolivian people!

Applause, unruly cheering, the CAMERA moving to discover TONY sitting by himself in the crowd, touching his nose a lot.

MATOS
More than 10,000 of our brothers are being tortured and held without trial. Another 6,000 have simply disappeared -- and unless the United States Government sets some example soon by calling for the observation of fundamental human rights and stopping this endless sale of tanks, bombs, and planes to these gangsters who are running my country...

More and more cheering.

CROWD
Viva Matos! Viva Bolivia! Now and Forever!

TONY slips out unnoticed into the aisle.

MATOS
...I can promise you not only that the cause of human freedom and dignity in Latin America will once again be strangled in its cradle -- but that the sickness is here on your shores and has wormed its way into the hearts of your once-proud democracy!...

Pandemonium now. The CROWD surging from its asses, besieging the stage.

CROWD
Matos! Matos! Matos!

TONY is at the far end of the hall -- the only one leaving -- looking back once more, reluctantly impressed by the man and the heat he creates.

EXTERIOR AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

TONY steps outside, the ROAR from inside carrying over. He snorts quickly from his pocket vial of coke.

INTERIOR CAR - NIGHT

NICK is waiting in the car. TONY opens the door to get in, the light catching the grim expression of the SHADOW in the back seat.

TONY pauses, gets in, closes the door.

TONY
No problem. It's a piece of cake.

They drive.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR RESTAURANT - MIAMI - NIGHT

A millionaire's place, like "The Forge" on Arthur Godfrey Road.

TONY, ELVIRA, and MANNY, giggling and loadad, are guided to their table by the MAITRE DIT.

TONY intersects a group of PEOPLE at another table and stops, putting his hand on a heavyset MAN'S shoulder.

TONY
Hey Vic I watch your show every day

VIC cranes his leonine white head of hair around with a patrician annoyance reserved for bores in restaurants.

VIC
Oh, is that so?

TONY
Yeah. Hey, you know that 200 kilo DEA bust you was congratulating the cops on the toob the other night?

VIC
Aren't you...Tony Montana?

TONY (beaming now, ignoring MANNY who comes to retrieve him)
Yeah that's me

The HALF DOZEN RICH PEOPLE in the dinner party are intrigued.

TONY (waves to them)
Hi folks, don't get up. Anyway Vic check it out. I heard like it was 220 kilos went down. That means 20 is missing, right? Ask your friends the cops about that -- and keep up the good work Vic, but don't believe everything you hear, y'know what I mean? OK, have a good dinner, nice to meet you people.

Waves farewell to them, pats VIC once more on the shoulder, and leaves them murmuring.

MANNY (reproving)
Hey Tony, that's not cool, he's got a lotta friends in...

TONY
I don't give a fuck. He's an asshole! Never fucking tells the truth on TV!

CONTINUED

TONY (Cont'd)
That's the trouble in this country. Nobody fucking tells the truth!

Not caring if he's overheard, Tony seems to be in the grip of an anguish he does not understand.

CUT TO:

TONY sits with MANNY and ELVIRA, who is dipping in a small vial of coke in her lap. Another huge meal has been consumed, the best brandy, wines, cigars. TONY, now surveying it with the bored satiety of a Roman Emperor, points to ELVIRA'S untouched plate.

TONY
Why don't you eat your food?

ELVIRA
I'm not hungry.

She surreptitiously snorts one nostril with a quick, practiced movement of her hand.

TONY
So what'd you order it for?

ELVIRA (snorts)
I lost my appetite

She does the other nostril. TONY looking at her. One beat. TWO beats. He passes a silent burp.

MANNY (trying to shift the mood)
What's happening with the trial? I hear Sheffield's working on another postponement?

TONY ignores the question, looking at MANNY in a quietly deliberate tone.

TONY
Is this it? Is this what it's all about Manny? Eating, drinking, fucking? And then what? When you're 50 you got a bag for a belly and tits with hair on'em and your liver's got spots and you're looking like these rich fucking mummies in here?

MANNY
Hey don't talk like that, you're gonna bring bad luck down with that kinda...

TONY (doesn't hear)
...is that what I worked for? With these hands? Is that what I killed for? For this?
(turns his gaze stonily on ELVIRA)
A junkie??? I gotta fucking junkie for a wife? Who never eats nothing, who wakes up with a quaalude, who sleeps all day with black shades on, who won't fuck me cause she's in a coma.

MANNY (gently)
Tony, you're drunk

TONY
...is this the American dream? Is this what happens to Bogart at the end hunh? Fuck it man I can't even have a fucking kid with her, her womb's so polluted, I can't even have a fucking little baby!

ELVIRA reacts -- wanting to kill. She gets up and dumps her plate filled with food on him. Slop drips all over him.

ELVIRA
YOU SONUFABITCH!

They got a black tie AUDIENCE now. The WAITER tipping around to clean up the mess. TONY slowly wiping the food off himself.

ELVIRA
How dare you talk to me like that! You call yourself a man! What makes you so much better than me, what do you do? Deal drugs? Kill people? Oh that's creative Tony, that's just wonderful -- a real contribution to human history... well let me tell you something: with you I don't <u>want</u> a child...That's why I stay stoned -- because I can't stand the thought of having some little monster walking around imitating somebody like you!

The AUDIENCE is hushed, involved, the CAMERA moving over the faces of VIC and his RICH FRIENDS.

TONY (acidly quiet, looks around at the people, back at her)
Sit down before I kill you

ELVIRA (doesn't hear him)
...You think of yourself as a father. But did you ever stay home without having six of your thugs around all the time? I got Nick the Pig as a friend? Tony, what kind of life is that? What's <u>happening</u> <u>to</u> <u>us</u>?

CONTINUED

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
(pause, in a softer, pleading voice)
Oh Tony don't you see? Don't you see what we've become? We're losers, honey, we're not winners, we're losers...

Silence. Tony's fury has passed. So has Elvira's. There's this awkwardness all of a sudden like 2 actors who forgot their lines.

TONY (softly)
Go on, get a cab home, you're stoned
(to MANNY)
Manny

ELVIRA
No, I'm not stoned Tony. You're stoned. You're so stoned you don't even know it.

TONY
All right I'm stoned. Manny

MANNY (rising, trying to put his arm on ELVIRA)
Come on, baby

ELVIRA
No, no you stay right there Manny, I'm not going home with you...I'm not going home with anybody. I'm going home alone...
(staring at TONY)
To my home Tony, my real home. I'm leaving you. I don't need this shit anymore.

Pause. She starts wobbling out. Past the curious SPECTATORS, their eyes moving between her and TONY.

MANNY rises to follow.

TONY
Let her go!...Tomorrow'll be the same old shit. Another Quaalude and she'll love me again.

ELVIRA disappears out the door, stumbling once. TONY'S eyes move off her.

The whole ROOM is watching him. He confronts their stares, and stands, throwing several hundred dollar bills on the table. He wipes at the food which still stains his clothing -- like a Roman Emperor doing his toilet in front of his courtiers. SILENCE in the room is cathedral. He finally breaks the suspense and says something, like an angry pastor at his flock.

TONY
You're all assholes. You know why? Cause none of you got the guts to be what you want to be! You're hiding. You're scared.

He staggers against the table, stoned. MANNY hovers. He shakes him loose.

TONY
You need people like me so you can point your fingers and say "hey there's the Bad Guy!" So what does that make you? Good guys? Don't kid yourselves. You're no better'n me. You just know how to hide -- and how to lie. I don't have that problem. Me I always tell the Truth -- even when I lie...
(waves to them and starts out)
So say goodnight to the Bad Guy -- and take one last look at him. Cause chances are... you're never gonna see him again.

He walks out, maintaining his dignity, MANNY bringing up the rear. As he disappears, the room is empty for a beat -- an extended beat, the stage without its star -- and then the AUDIENCE begins to buzz with gossip and comment.

CUT TO:

BOMB MONTAGE - MIAMI DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

CAMERA pans a stack of cooking utensils -- aluminum baking pans, cookie sheets, black electrical tape, rubber garden gloves -- to TONY paying the CASHIER for them while the BAG BOY loads the items, we move to the SHADOW watching without expression.

RADIO SHACK STORE - MIAMI - DAY

TONY and the SHADOW leave NICK and ERNIE in the car, cross the parking lot to enter.

WIRE CUTTERS coming off the shelves.

A HAND reaches for a soldering iron.

The SHADOW checks if the slide switch has the proper feel.

TONY does a quick snort in one of the aisles.

WAREHOUSE - MIAMI - DAY

TONY greets a frog-faced CUBAN GUY, introduces him to the SHADOW.

The SHADOW watches as FROG FACE shows him a briefcase packed with C4 plastique, detonating cords, and blasting caps; FROG FACE produces an electric match for him and lights it. The SHADOW shakes his head no.

TONY looks on from a distance, busy on the phone at one of the cluttered desks.

HOTEL ROOM - MIAMI - NIGHT

With subtly inexorable MUSIC, the CAMERA frames and moves in on the SHADOW assembling his bomb, long agile fingers shaping and modelling the plastique to fit the aluminum baking pan and cookie sheet...

...the CAMERA panning to TONY snorting long lines of coke off a table, simultaneously watching TV, yapping on the phone and digging into his ice cream with a spoon -- and never quite taking his eyes off the SHADOW.

TONY (in phone)
...yeah, yeah...nah, nah...

CHI-CHI and NICK drink beers on the bed.

The SHADOW makes an adjustment in his self-built radio transmitter, testflashing one of the red beepers on the encoding device; then looks.

With the television on in the background and the telephone noise over, the BOMB lies there on a table -- wired, soldered, taped, a malignant centipede in its baking pan waiting for the oven. A red light buzzes, indicating the encoder's circuit is working.

The SHADOW is pleased.

TONY (through all this, into the phone)
...look you tell her that's just not gonna happen okay, that's just not gonna happen, no way. What does she take me for? Some sap? You tell her that, okay?...Yeah. Get back to me!

He hangs up, snorts some more; there's about half an ounce of coke laid out amid the cartons of eaten Chinese food, indicating he's doing more and more.

The SHADOW, satisfied,with his work, walks over and carefully picks up the BOMB, inspecting it from all angles. The CAMERA closing on it. La piece de resistance.

TONY glances at it, then away, nervous.

TONY (muttering to himself)
Why don't we just shoot the guy, this is a lotta bullshit y'ask me.

CUT TO:

NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

TONY'S in a phone booth, impatient, listening as the phone rings at the other end. Finally she picks up.

ELVIRA'S VOICE
Yes?

TONY
Hello baby...hey look Elvie I've been thinking about...

The phone goes dead on him. Furious he slams it back down, stalks out onto the sidewalk.

INTERIOR SEDAN - NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

NICK, in the driver's seat, watches TONY coming along the quiet EAST 80s STREET, past TWO rich-looking MALE LOVERS out for a stroll. In the back seat the SHADOW sits hunched forward staring out with that impassive, hate-filled expression of his. ERNIE sits alongside.

TONY jumps in the passenger seat. They look at him, say nothing. TONY taps out his coke vial on the back of his hand, snorts. The SHADOW looks at him contemptuously, looks back out to the street.

NICK
Everything okay Tony?

TONY
Yeah, roses. Where is this fucking guy? I don't got all night to piss away.

NICK
I betcha he's partying someplace...what's so important about this guy anyway, what's he done?

TONY
I don't know. He's some kinda symbol.

NICK
Simble hunh. What's that?

TONY
It's like...when you die, your life meant something to somebody, y'know? It wasn't

CONTINUED

TONY (Cont'd)
like you just lived it for yourself, but you did something for the rest of the human race too
(looks to NICK intent)

NICK (bewildered)
Yeah

TONY snorts another line.

TONY
Me? I wanna die fast. With my name written in lights all over the sky. Tony Montana. He died doin' it.

NICK
Whatcha talking 'bout Tony, you ain't gonna die.

TONY (doesn't hear him)
...So I'll end up in a coffin. So what? The cockroach fires the bullet's gonna end up in a coffin just like me. But I lived better when I was here. And that's what counts.

Pause. It hangs there.

TONY (nervous, to ERNIE)
Ernie, what time?

ERNIE
Ten to.

TONY (opening his door)
I gotta call Manny

He starts out the door. The SHADOW barks out something in preemptory Spanish.

SHADOW (Spanish)
Sit down, he's coming

NICK
Hey Tony, here he comes

TONY looks around, gets back in.

STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

MATOS drives up with his WIFE in a modest, grimed SEDAN. ANOTHER COUPLE with them get out alongside the WIFE, all in a good mood, chatting.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

The FOUR FACES watching.

SHADOW (Spanish)
He's gonna park it.

STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

MATOS, saying something, waves and pulls away in the car, the THREESOME heading into a BROWNSTONE APARTMENT.

As his car eases down the street looking for an empty space, TONY'S SEDAN follows at a discreet distance.

THRU TONY'S WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

On the next SIDESTREET over, MATOS pulls his SEDAN into a space.

We cruise by slowly, catching a glimpse of MATOS as he backs in. He looks over at us, for a brief moment, then glances away.

TONY catches the look.

TONY
Okay...

TONY snorts, excited.

CUT TO:

GROUND LEVEL - the SHADOW, using his pen flashlight, removes the BOMB from the attache case and pulls a roll of black tape.

NICK waits in TONY'S SEDAN.

ERNIE signals, and disappears into the pedestrian traffic on the AVENUE.

A COP CAR comes cruising off the AVENUE up the STREET, towards us.

GROUND LEVEL - the SHADOW winds the black tape around and around the BOMB, taping it to the axle.

TONY hurries to the car, bends down.

TONY (Spanish)
Psst! Cops! Cut the flash.

The SHADOW douses it and freezes in position.

TONY looks up just as the COP CAR pulls alongside, the PASSENGER COP noticing him, saying something to his PARTNER who eases the car to a halt.

TONY, thinking on his feet, hurries out into the street, taking the initiative.

TONY
Hey officer, uh you haven't seen a little dog have you, a little white poodle, it's around here somewhere? Jesus my kid's gonna go crazy when he hears I lost'im. Oh boy am I gonna be in trouble.

COP
Why don't you check the ASPCA okay? They handle that stuff...

TONY
The ASPCA? What's that?...Jesus, that's not the place where they chop these dogs up is it?

COP (in a hurry)
Look it up in the yellow pages okay buddy.
(signals to his partner, they drive off)

TONY smiles, walks over, bangs on the hood several times.

TONY
Hey jerkoff, come on outta there, you're under arrest!

The SHADOW abruptly appears from under the car, gun drawn, face set to kill and glowing with perspiration from the work. When he realizes it's a joke, his eyes blaze at TONY.

TONY (winks)
Hey that was close hunh?

CUT TO:

MATOS SEDAN - NEW YORK STREET - NEXT DAY

MATOS pulls out of the parking space and moves off.

TONY'S SEDAN crawls in after it.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

TONY snorts from a fresh vial while driving, the SHADOW in the front seat alongside him with the radio transmitter device. NICK and ERNIE -- spares -- sit in the back.

SHADOW (Spanish)
...The U.N. -- right in front of it. In the daylight. That's the way they want it.

TONY (English)
Hey okay I don't give a shit where okay, you can blow him up when you like, okay, just tell me okay -- when you like

SHADOW (Spanish, irritated at Tony's chatter in an English he doesn't understand)
Just stay inside 30 metres okay -- no more you just stay inside 30 metres

TONY (English)
Hey okay I heard you the first time. One time okay. Just tell me one time.

SHADOW (getting angry now)
No! 30 metres! You understand, madre de Dios, why this hophead is driving!

TONY (English)
Hey cool it willya, allright

THRU TONY'S WINDSHIELD

MATOS suddenly pulls his sedan up in front of his house, doubleparks and gets out.

TONY (to NICK)
What's he doing? Where's he going?

MATOS BROWNSTONE - SIDEWALK

The WIFE opens the door, steps out -- followed, moments later, by TWO SCHOOLCHILDREN, books in hand. MATOS waves to them to come along.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

TONY looks astonished back at NICK.

TONY
Hey Nick what the fuck! You said the wife took'em in the other car.

NICK
She did boss. She did it every fucking day, I swear!

THRU TONY'S WINDSHIELD

The TWO CHILDREN are now climbing in the back of MATOS' SEDAN, the WIFE getting into the passenger seat. ARISTIDO MATOS walks around the car -- beautifully dressed on this the day of his death as he climbs into his tomb and drives away.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

TONY, upset now, goes to his vial, snorts, turns sharply to the SHADOW.

TONY
Hey chico, no fuckin' way! No wife, no kids! We hit this fuckin' guy we hit him alone okay.

SHADOW (English)
No! Suarez says we do it now. We go.

He has the strength of a born psychopath, brooking no other reality but his own. He stares a hole through TONY who gives way to his intensity, going into a slow angry burn at himself, putting the SEDAN in gear and going after MATOS, muttering to himself.

TONY
...aw fuck this, this fuckin' asshole!

NICK, in the back, looks worriedly at ERNIE.

FOLLOWING MATOS SEDAN - NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Through MANHATTAN, towards the UN.

The SHADOW making the final adjustments on his decoder. He now sticks a key in it.

TONY, driving, glances, the tension building in him, he does another giant snort.

MATOS' SEDAN, swerving out into TRAFFIC to pass a car, has a near collision with an insane BUS DRIVER and has to brake suddenly, angling into a deep pothole, shaking the car and honking angrily after the bus.

The SHADOW goes nuts, peering over the dashboard to see if the bomb came loose.

SHADOW (to himself, Spanish)
Madre de Dios, my bomb! -- don't you fuckin' fall my little baby!

Perspiration breaking out all over his forehead.

TONY also has the perspiration coming on.

TONY (muttering)
...this is fuckin' crazy, man, this is fuckin' crazy doing it like this, you don't do it like this...

He HONKS furiously at a CAB that tries to cut him off.

INTERIOR MATOS VEHICLE

WIFE (Spanish)
...we have to have dinner with them Ari, we promised so many times

MATOS (Spanish)
God what a boring woman, she exhausts me

BOY (Spanish)
Papa, why do I have to wear wool pants to school? I hate them, they give me goosepimples

GIRL (Spanish)
Oh don't be such a sissy. What are you going to do when you have to go into the Army

BOY
I won't go into the Army

WIFE (overlapping, to MATOS)
...he's going to have to get used to it sooner or later

MATOS
Why don't we compromise. Get him a little blue velour suit for his birthday.

WIFE
Then he'll want everything in velour. I know him...

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

TONY intense at the wheel.

SHADOW (equally tense)
You're losing them!

TONY
I see'im! I see'im!

SHADOW (Spanish)
Hurry up they're going into that street, they're gonna slip away!

TONY
Shut the fuck up willya!

Honking like a madman and accelerating past a TRUCK...

TONY
...what am I doing? What the fuck am I doing here?...

THRU TONY'S WINDSHIELD

MATOS' SEDAN pulling off at 47th and SECOND AVENUE heading for the UNITED NATIONS BUILDING which now appears at the end of the street.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

SHADOW
Okay, here it is...here it is...easy, easy!

The DECODER

TONY snorts

TONY (muttering)
...Aw fuck you, you fuckin' vulture...

The SHADOW in stark profile.

His finger depresses the first key of the Decoder.

THRU TONY WINDSHIELD

The MATOS SEDAN pulls off the sidestreet into the thick of FIRST AVENUE TRAFFIC -- approaching the striking facade of the UNITED NATIONS.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

The SHADOW is in a full sweat.

SHADOW
...okay, okay...at the curb...when he pulls up at the curb...

His FINGER hovering around the second key of the DECODER.

NICK and ERNIE in the back, leaning forward across the seat.

TONY (muttering)
Two kids in the car, Jesus Christ, that's not the way to do this thing...

THRU TONY'S WINDSHIELD

MATOS' SEDAN inches its way out of the TRAFFIC and eases along the curb.

INTERIOR TONY SEDAN

TONY honking his way through TRAFFIC after them, building to a climax with himself.

TONY (muttering)
...bunch of fuckin' vultures. You don't have the guts to look 'im in the eye when you kill him, you gotta hide, you fuckin' vulture
(honk honk)

SHADOW
SHUT UP!

NICK (suddenly panicked)
He's gonna get out! Hurry up, hurry the fuck up!

TONY (ignoring all the commotion)
...makes you feel good hunh? Killing the wife and the kids. Big man. Well fuck you! What do you think I am? You think I'd kill two kids and a woman. Well fuck that! I don't need that shit in my life

His face twisted in agony, he reaches down and snaps his BARETTA free from his ankle holster. He swings it around sharply, levelling it on the SHADOW.

TONY
Die motherfucker!

The SHADOW glances over at TONY, astonished. TONY pumps two shots point blank into him, blowing his face off and smashing him against the door of the moving SEDAN, blood splattering the interior and the windows.

NICK
Oh Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! What the...

TONY swerving the SEDAN back across the AVENUE, the TRAFFIC around them honking and moving along at its normal pace as the SHADOW'S body slumps down out of sight, another Monday morning traffic accident with blood and brains splattered up against a passenger window and nobody really notices.

TONY (continuing to mutter to himself)
...so what'd you think I was hunh? A fuckin' worm? I told you don't fuck with me! No kids. You shoulda listened to me you stupid fuck...

INTERIOR MATOS SEDAN

As life goes on, MR. MATOS rushing from his sedan pulled up in front of the sidewalk, the SECURITY COP waving for them to keep moving.

WIFE (at the wheel)
Go!

MATOS
Don't forget the shoes...and call Humberto.

WIFE
I won't! Now go. You're late

MATOS (looking at his watch)
Aye!
(waving goodbye to his KIDS as the car pulls away)

Better late than never...

As we might notice TONY'S SEDAN in the distance pulling off and disappearing into the honking TRAFFIC.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR QUEENS - SAME DAY

The blood-drenched corpse of the SHADOW still lies on the floor of the passenger seat. ERNIE and NICK huddle in the backseat looking out, worried towards...

TONY at a PHONE BOOTH banging down the phone, pissed. He snorts some more, stalks back to the car.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR JFK AIRPORT - THAT NIGHT

PLANES roaring.

INTERIOR JFK AIRPORT

NICK and ERNIE waiting in a busy LOUNGE covering TONY on the PHONE; TONY's still wearing the same clothes with patches of blood on them.

TONY
Chi-Chi? Where the fuck you been?

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
I had a delivery. Tony, everything go okay, whatsa -

TONY
Fuck no! Where the hell's Manny? I been calling all over.

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
I don't know Tony. He's been gone, ever since you went up there.

TONY
What! Where! I left that sunufabitch in charge! What the hell is going on here, can't I trust anybody around here!

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
I don't know Tony, he just took off y'know, he didn't say nothing...you all right?

TONY
No, I'm not all right. I'm pissed off! And when I get there I'm gonna kick some ass all over the fuckin' place!

CHI-CHI'S VOICE (trying for affability)
When you coming back Tony?

TONY
Tonight!
(repeating to himself)
Where the hell is that cooksucker? Can't trust nobody no more. They think just cause I'm a nice guy

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
Uh Tony your Mama called. Gina's gone. She got to see you right away.

TONY
Gina's gone? Where! Oh Fuck!...Tell her I'll be there tonight. Okay?

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
Right.

TONY (about to hang up, pauses)
Uh--how 'bout Elvie -- where's she?

CHI-CHI'S VOICE (a beat)
She's upstairs Tony. She's been there I don't know all week, won't come down, won't eat. You better get here.

TONY
Yeah, okay okay...listen if you see her, tell her I love her okay?

CHI-CHI'S VOICE
Yeah, okay Tony

TONY hangs up. A moment of despair. Then he snorts and snaps back.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR AIRPORT - NIGHT

PLANE taking off.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR TONY'S MANSION - THAT NIGHT

TONY drives up in his CORNICHE with ERNIE and NICK, jumps out in the same blood-stained clothes, rushes in.

INTERIOR TONY MANSION

CHI-CHI meets them at the door.

TONY
Hear from Manny?

CHI-CHI
No Tony. Your Mama called again. And Suarez. He's been calling every half hour. He wants to talk to you Tony, he's pissed, he...

TONY
Yeah, yeah, yeah...Nick get him on the line. In the office.

NICK goes.

TONY (glancing upstairs)
She up there?

CHI-CHI
Yeah...I told her you were coming in. She didn't say nothing.

TONY
Okay, I'll take care of it. You keep trying Manny. I need that cocksucker, you hear, I need him here! Okay?

CHI-CHI
Right Tony.

TONY stalks off, towards his office.

INTERIOR TONY OFFICE

Amid his computer space games and half-dozen televisions and stereos (but no sign of a book on the walls), TONY breaks open a new vial, snorts, waves ERNIE and NICK out of the room, his ear to the phone, hooked up to Bolivia.

SUAREZ VOICE (coming to the phone)
...hello Tony

TONY
Whaddaya say Alex?

SUAREZ VOICE
So what happened Tony?

TONY
We had some problems

SUAREZ VOICE
Yeah I heard.

TONY
How'd you hear?

SUAREZ VOICE
Cause our friend gave a speech today at the U.N. He wasn't supposed to give that speech.

TONY (shrugs)
Yeah well, that guy Alberto was a piece of shit, he didn't do what I said so I cancelled his fuckin' contract.

Pause at the other end.

SUAREZ
...My partners and I are pissed.

TONY
Hey Alex, no big deal. There's plenty other "Albertos." So I'll deliver the goods next month.

SUAREZ (suddenly angry and letting Tony know)
No! We can't do that. They found what was under the car Tony. And our friend's got security now up the ass. And the heat's coming down hard on me and my partners. There's not gonna be a next time. You blew it, you fuckin' dumb cocksucker!

TONY
Hey you don't talk to me like that! Who do you -

SUAREZ (simultaneous)
I told you a long time ago you little fuckin' monkey not to fuck me and...

TONY holding the mouthpiece away from his ear and talking at it like it was a face.

TONY (simultaneous)
Who the fuck you think you're talkin' to, hunh! Whatta you think I am? Your bell boy? You don't tell me what to do Suarez. You're shit! You want a war, you got it!

Slams the phone down.

TONY
The fucking nerve of that guy!

Looks up. Sees ELVIRA standing in the doorway, with a suitcase in her hand, dressed for the road. Her long slim legs wobble like she's high but there's a sense of purpose in control.

ELVIRA
Hello Tony

TONY
Where you going?

ELVIRA
I'm leaving you

He isn't surprised but, in spite of himself, he's hurt. The PHONE rings, diverting him. He picks it up.

TONY
Yeah?...Hi Mama...

Her VOICE on the phone sounds hysterical and angry. Not really listening, TONY snorting another line, never taking his eyes off ELVIRA. He pours the entire vial of coke out across the desk into a thick quarter-moon pattern.

TONY (into the phone)
Yeah, all right. I'll be right over.

He hangs up on her. He indicates the coke.

TONY
Want one for the road, Elvie?

ELVIRA
Not this time Tony...I'll see you around

TONY
We could still work it out.

ELVIRA
No we can't.

She heads for the door, pauses, looks back.

ELVIRA
...If you had sense you'd get out yourself.

TONY
Yeah well every dog has his day, y'know

He snorts.

ELVIRA
Bye Tony

TONY
Bye baby...it was nice knowing you

She is almost out the door when he calls out.

TONY
Hey Elvira...

He comes over to her, pauses.

TONY
...shit, you're still a great lookin' woman!

ELVIRA'S face manages a smile, in the same spirit.

ELVIRA
...You're a turn-on yourself, Tony....
it's too bad we never grew up.

Pause. She reaches over and brushes his lips lightly with hers. One last look. Then she goes out -- intersecting NICK in the HALL. TONY watching.

ELVIRA
Look after him, Nick...

She disappears without looking back.

TONY paces back into his OFFICE, and in the cavernous silence, listlessly turns to another line of coke.

CUT TO:

MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

TONY in the back seat in his WHITE CORNICHE staring straight ahead. ERNIE driving, CHI-CHI with him.

EXTERIOR MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - NIGHT

The bullet-proof WHITE CORNICHE pulls up, ERNIE and CHI-CHI getting out first, checking the street, TONY following quickly.

TONY (to CHI-CHI)
You try Manny.
(to ERNIE)
You check back with Nick. Gimme 5 minutes.

He hurries towards the house.

INTERIOR MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MAMA is angry and ravaged with worry.

MAMA
...she got a place of her own, she don't tell me where. One day I follow her in a taxi. She goes into this fancy house in Coconut Grove.

TONY
The Grove? Where'd she get the money?

MAMA
You! You were giving her the money what do you think -- don't you see what you do to her, don't...

TONY
I never gave her that kinda money...Was there a guy with her?

MAMA
I don't know, there was this other car in the driveway. I know if I went in there, she'd kill me, she's like you, she...

TONY'S face filling with the old wrath, he grips his MOTHER by the shoulders.

TONY
Where's this house, tell me!

MAMA
Four hundred something. Citrus Drive. Four hundred nine. You gotta talk to her. Tony, she don't listen to me anymore. She says to me "Shut up! Mind your own business!" Just like you, every since you come back, she's been getting this way...

He turns to leave but she clings to his arm.

MAMA
Don't you see what you done to her? Don't you see? Why do you have to hurt everything you touch, why do you...

TONY
(shakes himself loose, turns on her)
No! You know why she left Mama? Not cause of me. Cause of you -- yeah. You drove her nuts with your bitching, I wasn't this, I wasn't that, never good enough. Ever since I was little I never felt nothing from you Mama -- nothing! First time I ever needed you, where were you when I was in that Army jail in Cuba, hunh? You were cooperating with the fuckin' cops that's what you were doing. What do you expect now? To be loved? You got no love in you. What do you think Papa left for? And Gina? 'Least I didn't walk around with my head hanging down between my legs my whole fuckin' life. Like Papa -- like the way you made Papa feel! I made something outta my life. I am something and I'm proud of it!

He storms out the door as MAMA pursues.

MAMA
How can you say that! How can you talk like that! Why -- God help me, what have I done to you? You were a beautiful baby. I used to watch you sleep. So beautiful. How? How in all that's good in Heaven did you become such a monster, such an ugly little monster!...

Etcetera as TONY slams the door.

EXTERIOR MOTHER'S HOUSE

TONY stomps into his WHITE CORNICHE, ERNIE discreetly closing the door and getting in with CHI-CHI as Mama rips open her door and stands there staring from the doorway -- weeping and staring across the dark.

TONY takes a strong hit of coke. The CAR whistles off.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR HOUSE - COCONUT GROVE - THAT NIGHT

TONY in the backseat of the CORNICHE with CHI-CHI studies the HOUSE from across the curb. It's quiet, rich, suburban, not calling attention to itself.

TONY, seething, snorts another line of coke laid out on the crystal bar dividing the backseat, and revved, goes.

TONY (to CHI-CHI)
Wait here

He approaches the FRONT DOOR, listening, the hand sliding into his pocket. Inside a wistful Billy Joel SONG plays over the stereo. He rings a buzzer, waits.

Hold the pause. The door opens casually. Standing there is MANNY - with a towel around his waist.

MANNY (surprised)
Tony?

TONY stares, stunned.

GINA now comes into view behind MANNY - in a bathrobe, a big smile of welcome for her brother.

GINA
Tony!
(eyes suddenly moving downward in alarm)

TONY has his BARETTA pointed at MANNY, his expression filled with loathing.

MANNY smiles easily and shrugs, the gesture drawing Tony over the edge.

MANNY
Hey Tony, c'mon we was...

The GUN FIRES.

GINA
TONY! NO!

TONY FIRES a second time.

MANNY slowly slumps downward against the doorjamb, eyes on TONY, terribly surprised.

TONY holds the gun, staring down, separated from himself.

MANNY lies at his feet, dead.

GINA
MANNY!

She goes down to her knees, stunned out of her mind, shakes him.

GINA
MANNY!

She looks up, insanely, at TONY, her eyes huge with disbelief.

GINA
You killed him?

Shaking her head at him incredulously.

GINA
We got married just yesterday. We were gonna surprise you.

TONY stands there, doubly stunned by the news.

GINA
I loved him. He was the only one...

She hugs his CORPSE tightly to her breast and makes horrible strangled sounds with her throat.

CHI-CHI hurrying up to TONY, worried somebody's seen the shooting. ERNIE follows.

CHI-CHI
Gina, come on. We gotta go. Come on baby.

Suddenly she goes BERSERK.

GINA
NOOOOOOOOO!

And throwing CHI-CHI aside, launches herself on TONY, screaming incoherently like a madwoman, trying to kill him. She beats him around the head, the chest, scratches furrows of flesh across his face. He stands there, oblivious, numbed.

CHI-CHI and ERNIE have a demon on their hands. They manage at last to yank her off TONY, kicking and continuing to scream.

LIGHTS coming on in the HOUSES around the neighborhood.

CHI-CHI and ERNIE, desperate now, drag her forcefully along the pavement into the CORNICHE. She continues to SCREAM.

TONY, back at the door, looks down again.

The EYES of MANOLO staring sightlessly.

CHI-CHI runs back, grabs TONY.

CHI-CHI
Tony!

Pulls him. TONY snaps out of it.

TONY
Yeah!

He goes.

TONY getting into the CORNICHE, ERNIE pinning GINA against the front seat. CHI-CHI hopping into the driver's seat. The car roars away.

The CAMERA closing on GINA thru the windows as she looks back one last time, the MUSIC surging inexorably.

GINA
MANNY!...MANNY! NO!

CUT TO:

MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

The WHITE CORNICHE whistles by like a hearse heading for hell.

EXTERIOR TONY MANSION - GROUNDS - THAT NIGHT

It goes roaring by the FRONT GATE and up the DRIVEWAY, gravel flying.

INTERIOR TONY MANSION

TONY, scratches across his face, strides through the front door into the marble FOYER. NICK meets them, puzzled.

ERNIE and CHI-CHI are almost carrying GINA, who is numb with shock.

CHI-CHI
What do we do with her Tony?

TONY
Do what? Where? Put her upstairs. Put her in my bedroom.
(to GINA)
Alright, baby?

She looks up at him through her stupor and spits in his face. NICK and ERNIE pull her away -- as TONY stares, upset but passive. They trundle up the STAIRS, TONY continuing to watch. He turns and walks away.

INTERIOR TONY OFFICE

TONY slumps on his couch. A haze of coke rises off the velvet like a snow scene painting on a Christmas card. Oblivious to

the dust, he cuts open a fresh plastic kilo bag of coke and spreads the entire pound out across the black marble coffee table.

NICK comes in.

NICK
We got some pills into her, she's okay, she's cooling down.

TONY pays no attention, NICK noticing the pile of coke.

Flashing his silver tooter, TONY snorts a truly giant amount in a large pendular swing of his elbow across the length of the coffee table.

Pause as he lets it sink in.

NICK (worried)
Hey Tony, why don't you go easy on that?

TONY looks up at him, focuses. The eyes are uncompromising.

NICK, a little scared of him now, walks away.

TONY starts on another trek along the coffee table.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR GROUNDS - LATER THAT NIGHT

The BENGAL TIGER paces his spot, restless.

It starts to RAIN, a hard tropic downpour mixing with the monsoon-like WIND.

The MONKEYS listen quietly.

The FLAMINGOES flutter.

Suddenly the BILLBOARD flashes up alive -- "THE WORLD IS YOURS"

...Then there's a burst of LOUD MUSIC from the stereo speakers on the balcony -- a Billy Joel SONG, something smooth and easy about the high times and how fast they go...

...and we see TONY, in LONG SHOT, throw open the terrace doors and stagger out onto the BALCONY, overlooking his estate.

...On a CLOSER ANGLE, we track him to the edge of the balustrade, getting soaked by the rain. He's done so much coke now he's practically catatonic, staggering and muttering to himself.

TONY
...jesus fucking christ, whatsa matter with me I gotta get a hold of myself these cocksuckers gonna run over me let 'em try I'll bury the cocksuckers you hear me... Hunh?

His POV -- panning his ESTATE. The dark emptiness echoes back at him. The WIND and RAIN rustling the treetops.

TONY suddenly starts crying.

TONY
...Ooooh fuck Manny, how the fuck did I do that? How the fuck!...oh Manny, Manny...
(shaking his head at himself and sobbing)

The CAMERA moving back to a view of the trees.

FIGURES moving through the bush...SILHOUETTES...

FIRING now -- confusion. A GRENADE EXPLOSION.

ERNIE and ANOTHER GUARD lie dead in the ruin of the SECURITY SHACK.

A SHADOW springs across some trees.

INSERT a TRIPWIRE as he snaps it.

EXPLOSION -- the FIGURE eradicated.

A report of machine gun FIRE...FIGURES run off into the distance as the CAMERA moves to reveal the BENGAL TIGER shot to pieces under his banyan tree.

On the BALCONY, TONY is oblivious to it all, the GUNFIRE sporadic and distant under the SOUND of RAIN, which mixes now with the tears on his face as he sobs, spent.

TONY (to himself, almost incoherent)
...you said to me, you said trust in the gods Tony, everything'll be okay yeah well you're full of shit Manny, look what happened -- what the hell happened? Hunh? What the hell happened to us?

As he mutters, he turns and starts back into his OFFICE through the terrace doors.

TONY
I said to you, I said I'll never go fuckin crazy and you said -- well you looked at me

CONTINUED

TONY (Cont'd)
kinda funny you didn't say nothing -- those were the days hunh we was crazy back in those days banks grocery stores hey nothing could stop us we were the best -- the fuckin best...

INTERIOR OFFICE

As he crosses, rain-soaked, face-scratched into his OFFICE, a burst of WIND blows in and sprays the remainder of the pound of cocaine all over the room. It is a ghostly effect, whipping around the room in auras of white, the CAMERA moving with it to reveal GINA standing there in the doorway to the FOYER, her eyes merciless with anger and hate, her hands extended in from of her -- a BARETTA pointing right at us.

TONY sees it.

She wants him to. Then she FIRES.

The bullet smashes through a window a good 6 feet away from him. It snaps him from his catatonia as he goes reeling across the floor behind his desk.

She fires again.

He spins across the rug, avoiding another bullet that rips a hole through the desk.

She advances on him now, methodically shooting out the clip at rhythmic intervals...one step, shot, two step, shot, three step...four, five, six.

The furniture tearing up, the chair spilling, television set shattering. TONY squirming away, is hit in the thigh, surprised, shocked.

GINA closes on him. TONY looks up at her, knowing he has no chance. She is about to fire again when...

The TERRACE WINDOW suddenly blows out with the SOUND of a concussion grenade and one of the HITTERS, a young Latin punk no more than 20, is standing there on the terrace with a machine gun.

GINA is torn to pieces by the firepower -- blown across the room, spine severed and dead before she hits the floor.

TONY sees it.

The HITTER sees him -- but then is hurled sideways by a burst of fire. He staggers into the OFFICE and crashes dead across a desk.

NICK THE PIG running into view on the TERRACE.

NICK
Tony get outta there!

TONY, wounded in three different places, grabs the machine gun off the dead hitter, just as HITTER TWO appears in the doorway off the FOYER.

TONY crouches, fires, blowing the head off HITTER TWO just as he opens fire.

TONY moving in a crouch over to GINA, looks down, then suddenly spins as another GRENADE explodes at the terrace windows.

We get a brief glimpse of NICK THE PIG blown across the balustrade by the force of the blast.

Less than a beat later, a GAS GRENADE is hurled into the OFFICE.

TONY hears the hissing sound and runs out the door onto the FOYER.

HITTER THREE darts across the FOYER, TONY firing...hitting him. TONY hobbling.

CHI-CHI suddenly appears, badly wounded, scrambling from the LIVING ROOM.

CHI-CHI
TONY!

TONY
WE GOT 'EM HUNH CHI-CHI. WE EAT 'EM FOR BREAKFAST!

HITTERS FOUR and FIVE appear in the LIVING ROOM area off to the side of the FOYER.

Suddenly, the MAIN DOOR swings open and Suarez's black aide the SKULL, is suddenly standing there, a few feet behind CHI-CHI, with a shotgun in his hand.

TONY
CHEEEEEE!

CHI-CHI turns too late. The SKULL shotguns him pointblank.

CHI-CHI blown back into the LIVING ROOM.

TONY firing out his clip.

The SKULL hit.

TONY pumps out the rest of his machine gun clip.

The SKULL blown to bits.

TONY throws away the spent machine gun, pulls a pistol, looks up the stairs -- knowing the only chance he has is to get up those stairs.

He's hit again. He stumbles for the stairs, covering himself, keeping HITTERS FOUR and FIVE pinned in the LIVING ROOM.

TONY moving up the stairs, firing out the last of his clip.

TONY
COME ON! FUCK YOU YOU SCUMBAGS! COME ON!

HITTERS SIX and SEVEN darting through the OFFICE from the other side of the FOYER, open fire on TONY.

TONY is hit again in the leg, crumples halfway up the stairs.

Another GRENADE is tossed up the stairs, explodes short of TONY.

The CHANDELIER suddenly comes unhinged from the concussion and crashes down onto the FOYER FLOOR.

TONY takes advantage of the distraction to stagger up the remaining stairs.

He hobbles into his huge BEDROOM, crosses to a cabinet, and breaks out a shoulder-fired ROCKET LAUNCHER with refill-rounds, talking to himself the whole time.

TONY
You think you can kill me with one lousy bomb...who do you think I am...I kill all you fucking assholes...I blow you all to fucking hell!

Hurries out into the hall. He's almost hit.

They're down there at the other end firing.

TONY
COME ON YOU SCUM HERE I AM, SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND HERE

He fires the ROCKET.

It sounds like Armageddon when it hits...One of the HITTERS is screaming, smoke is billowing wildly.

TONY hurries up the stairs, reloading.

A FIGURE CUTS through the smoke, fires his machine gun.

TONY is hit. Unloads another rocket.

Another huge EXPLOSION...

TONY crawling up the stairs now, trying to reload.

Another GRENADE explodes. GAS flies in.

TONY rises up with the last of his strength.

TONY
YOU NEED AN ARMY YOU HEAR AN ARMY!! YOU'RE SHIT, YOU'RE SCUM -- I PISS IN YOUR FACES!!!!

He is cut to shreds by machine gun FIRE and a flash of light from another grenade -- but still holds his feet struggling to fire off his rocket which now EXPLODES in his face -- consuming TONY MONTANA in a foaming black cloud of death.

He crashes off the stairs, an unrecognizable ball of fire hurtling down two stories into the FOYER -- a shooting star vanishing forever from our sight.

As the TITLES BEGIN THEIR CRAWL UP, the MUSIC THEME is expressive salsa with a dash of gaiety.

OUR CAMERA PANS OUT of the dream villa, past the shambles and the wealth, past the silver telephones, past the HITTERS pillaging and looting and drawing that obscene word "Chivato" in blood on the walls, past the stacks of cash blowing across the floor like leaves in late autumn, with the looters running after it, across the busted door with the tropic wind blowing down Coconut Grove -- to the billboard lit up like a Christmas tree on the lawn saying:

"THE WORLD IS YOURS"

THE END